THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

ONE HUNDRED POEMS

EDITED BY

CHARLES VALE pseud. of

Arthur Hooley

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THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
— A —
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NOTE BY THE EDITOR WITH THE AWARDS

MORE than four thousand poems from more than three thousand contributors were received in the course of the Spirit of St. Louis competition. The poems came from all parts of the United States, and from Canada, France, England, Australia, Germany, Holland, Spain, Mexico, Switzerland and other countries. Even little Monaco was represented.

A brief glance at the figures for the United States may prove interesting. The competition appealed to North, South, East and West, with the Middle West, impartially: no great section of the country seemed to hold aloof, or to be destitute of poets. The State of New York naturally sent in the largest number of contributions, and was followed, in the order given, by New Jersey, Massachusetts, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Georgia, Washington, Kansas, Connecticut, Oklahoma, Illinois, Texas, California, New Hampshire, Minnesota, Vir-

ginia, Iowa, Florida, The District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Nebraska, Maryland, Maine, Michigan, Indiana and Alabama, all with excellent representation. The remaining States were content with smaller figures, Wyoming closing the list modestly with one entry. Of the cities, New York was far in the lead with 435 poets; Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago, Miami, Boston and Pittsburgh followed, as named. Eighteen poets with a Main Street address contributed, so that the spirit of Main Street is evidently not incapable of lyric flights.

It has been a great pleasure to read these thousands of poems, and many, though not all, of the letters which accompanied them: they have left an impression that can be obtained only by contact with representative minds and representative work from the whole of a great country. It is almost needless to say that some of the poems had serious faults, and that some were entirely negligible; but the majority were written in a fine spirit, and with a most encouraging measure of technical skill. There was very little of the facile rubbish that has been flooding many provincial papers. I had not known, even remembering The Lyric Year, that

the number of American poets—not versifiers —was so large. And yet, why not? We have come to expect much more than mediocrity from thousands of musicians throughout the country, and an entirely intelligent appreciation of their work from tens of thousands of those who listen to it. Why should the creation and appreciation of poetry be confined to a comparative few?

But the Spirit of St. Louis has brought more than merely a revelation of lyric possibilities. It has been impossible to read these poems without realizing the growth and acceptance of the Epic. Not simply Colonel Lindbergh's great flight, nor the success that crowned it, nor the lavish publicity that followed, endeared him to the nation: that, surely, is fully recognized now. But by the way in which he conducted the whole affair, and by the sheer force of character, he certainly captured the imagination and affection of countless thousands, and seems likely to hold them. The tumult and the shouting may die, but he has painted in action for the American people a picture that they will not willingly lose: for it is a picture, as they see it, of the Genius of America,—of themselves; a visualization of something rooted in the fibre of each of them,

something of which they were conscious, but obscurely, and about which they were rarely articulate. Lindbergh has given them a living picture; and looking at it, they have found their voices. In poem after poem, without hysteria or crudity, I found the reaction to this picture, and the reaction from old conditions, old materialism and old callousness. The ideal has become possible, and rational. The rather slipshod prose of daily life has been transmuted into poetry. That is an extraordinary thing for one quiet, courageous, level-headed Flier to have achieved.

There are no doubt some poems in this volume that will be criticised, and some not present that might perhaps have been included. But I think that the volume as a whole will be welcomed by a very large number of people. The poems were selected entirely on their merits; the unknown author had an absolutely equal chance with the most distinguished poets in the country. No attempt has been made to correct certain matters of detail: for instance, several authors refer to incidents or conditions of the flight that are not strictly historical; they derived their impressions from accounts in the press, or used their privilege of poetic license.

Although Colonel Lindbergh did not start precisely at dawn, there seems nothing fatal in assuming that he did, or in changing slightly the course of his flight.

The judges, Mr. Christopher Morley, Mr. John Farrar and Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, after reading the poems independently and then discussing them in conference, have awarded the prizes as follows:

First Award of $500—The Wings of Lead, by Nathalia Crane.

Second Award of $250—The Arrow of Acestes, by Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

Third Award of $250—The Flight, by Babette Deutsch.

It only remains to congratulate the winners, and to thank all the contributors whose coöperation has made this book possible.

CHARLES VALE

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THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

ALETHEA TODD ALDERSON

HE flew alone; and yet with him there went
The spirits of those gallant men of old:
Intrepid Marco Polo, and the bold
Columbus; all those valiant ones who sent
Their challenge to unconquered things, intent
Upon a goal no other man had gained.
Alone, but far removed from earth he reigned
A king of air, heroic, confident!

And there, so far above the world's sad tears,
Above its stricken land and restless sea,
Where God could speak to eager, listening ears,
He caught a message from Infinity.
He stands a Saint Louis in modern guise,
The light of things eternal in his eyes.

THE AVIATOR

DOROTHY COLLINS ALYEA

THE drudging world looks up and smiles at him
Whose plane has matched the morning in its flight
And who is yet so young and grave and slim
That youth in him seems to assert its right.
So might Apollo, guiding the gold sun,
Have soared between the worlds, bringing the light;
So sank Prometheus when his course was run,
Fire in his hands to keep us through the night.

While dreaming youth on earth lifts hungry eyes
And would leave meat and drink and follow after,
Longing to give itself in sacrifice
To the clean tides of air and clean winds' laughter
And honor that must be clean in one who flies
Serene among the marches of the skies.

AD ASTRA

JEAN M. BATCHELOR

"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." —*Psalms* 8 : 5

OUT of the dust that made us,
Out of the clay that clings,
See youth spring upward to the stars
On vast and valiant wings.

Earth's older roads forsaking,
He takes a bolder flight
Alone against death's darkness,
Silence, and night.

The skies are solitary,
And who would rise must go
Single along the ways of wind
Leaving below

Familiar fires and faces,
All that is known and dear,
To follow, over crests of cloud,
A path august, austere.

The heavens' heights are lonely:
Who travels them must fare
Unfriended, and for comfort lean
Only on empty air.

Danger must be his daily wine,
His more than mortal bread
The brittle hopes and hazards
On which brave hearts are fed.

Look on this hero risen
Up from our earthly star,
And know that men need hardly be
Less than the angels are.

Forever so, forever,
Spirit of man, take flight
Alone against death's darkness,
Silence, and night.

LINDBERGH

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"*THIS,*" breathed the deep, "*is death.*"
The thought was by.
Strong heart,
Sure breath,
Steady mind,
Gripped intent the event.
Endless sky
Long known;
Lone,
Lone.
"Flying Blind."

Compass, dials,—and yet . . .
The propeller's roar
A round sound
Wound,
Drowned,
In watching eyes . . .
"The old game,
"The same
"We've known before."

Shift, shift,
Dip,
Lift,
Fall and rise.

On—
Through chaotic night . . .
It's long,
The night;
Hunched,
Watching the board,
Figuring things.
Still
The prophetic will
Flaring with flight;
Heart
On compass and chart;
Draft of wings.

Dawn
And storm—the assault
Of sheathing sleet.
Fate,
Her hounds at fault,
In a restless quest.
Winds with the view-halloo . . .
Retreat? Defeat?

"No, we must see it through;
"Now is the test."

"Well . . .
"Hell for a while!"
His brows contend.
His smile:
"Out of it now!"
Roar,
Roar
Of the motor one with the will
On to the end . . .
The Isle that smiled like a friend . . .
He asked no more.

This?
Why, nothing to fear!
Nor anything great!
Instruments ranged at hand;
Naught to betray:
Thus to Youth austere,—
Yet, the odds to Fate,
High in an unknown sky
On an unknown way!

On through day made loud . . .
Waves . . . strand . . .
Night. The lights below.

The far made near.
Eyes on that blot of crowd,
On a place to land . . .
"Golly, we did it though!"
And, "Well, we're here."

We to praise in ways
So strange to this,—
We who have never known,
Can hardly scan
The spirit's steady blaze
In that vast abyss,—
We to search for a phrase,
Exalt a man!

PILOT!

RITA BERMAN

HAIL, Pilot! lifting high
The world on your wings!
Angels, cleave a pathway for us!
How the dark sea roars!
Now all mean things and petty,
Be silent while he soars!

Hail, Pilot! Thrusting thro'
Fog below us, fog above,
Icy spindrift of homeless wrath!
How the blind wind cries!
Now all that love, be praying,
Be praying while he flies!

Hail, Pilot! sailing down!
Earth is holier, earth is fair!
On the heavenly road you've opened
Kindred thoughts keep tryst.
Now all that trust, be joyful,
Be joyful! Hate is mist.

Hail, Pilot! coming home!
Hearts are warm and eyes are glad;
Doubt is dead, and fear a phantom;
Shamed are vice and greed.
Now all that hope, come singing,
Come singing! Hosts are freed!

LINDBERGH

THEODORE BEST

NO comrade there, no human hand to touch,
No listening ear, no voice to make reply.
Alone,—above the moving orb of earth,
Suspended on ethereal waves, he cut
A pathway clean from land to other land
And made all climes his kingdom and his home.
Upstanding!—swift recorder of the "Now",—
The sentient symbol of futurity.
Through unknown caves of air he winged his way,
Sundering night, and wind, and seething cloud,
Mounting the icy arrows of the storm,
And reached his goal,—an unfamiliar shore;
His only thought,—fairly to do his deed.
And yet, within that unsuspecting breast
Was hid a power that fraternized a world.

WINGS OF YOUTH

MARY H. BLODGETT

RUSHING wings sweep down the ages,
Blowing dust from centuries gone;
Fleeting wings on history's pages,
Wings of youth—that carry on.

Icarus the golden,
With your sapling strength and grace,
You flew high,
High,
Till Delos was an emerald
In the molten sea below;
Till the great winds of heaven
Had scattered all your fears,
And you laughed aloud in triumph
As you sought the sun's embrace.

Icarus the heedless,
With your shining wings aflame,
You fell far,
Far,
Your body twisting, turning
Like a burning torch flung down.

You were smothered in cool waters,
Left no trace save widening ripples
And blackened feathers floating
In the sea that bears your name.

Rushing wings sweep down the ages,
Blowing dust from centuries gone;
Fleeting wings on history's pages,
Wings of youth—that carry on.

Lindbergh the courageous,
Like that other, slim and fair,
You flew swift,
Swift,
Till time and space were vanquished
By the throbbing engine's roar;
Till your silver wings were slanted
High above the greedy sea,
Where the screaming gulls proclaimed you
Lord and master of the air.

Lindbergh the beloved,
Hero of a nation's pride,
Did you hear,
Feel
Your shining plane uplifted
By the beat of eagles' wings?
Did you see him there beside you,

Lithe and laughing, young and strong—
Did you see him, golden Icarus,
Who, falling, once had died?

Rushing wings sweep down the ages,
Blowing dust from centuries gone;
Fleeting wings on history's pages,
Wings of youth—that carry on.

THE HEIGHTS

EDWIN W. BONTA

ON wings of your own fashioning you rose
And speeded off to meet the coming day,
In hope we'd follow where you led the way.
And when we trust our eyes we must suppose
That you came down in France: but our hearts know
You haven't even yet come down. Those wings
Of yours, unlike the perishable things
Of Icarus, can stand the ardent glow
Of admiration's sun. We've found that you
Won't fall: and how much less will you descend
To traffic with or trade upon your fame?
But somewhere overhead you still pursue
Your lonely course toward some more distant end
And triumph, even worthier of acclaim.

AMERICAN RHAPSODY TO LINDBERGH

WILLIS A. BOUGHTON

WHO comes hurtling through the air!
Lindbergh from America!
Who comes driving through fog and sleet!
Lindbergh!
Who comes . . . ?
America comes!

You are America, Lindbergh, now,
And I, America, am you!
Young man of the West,
And the East, and the North, and the South,
Carrying youth with you
As an armor of untarnishable gold,
Flashing grace of youth,
And charm of youth,
And the all-conquering power of youth.

You did not ride alone
Over the narrowing Atlantic,
For I, America, was with you.

From the slow peril of the ascent
In the fog of dawn,
Through cloud and mist,
Piercing the icy breath of the Arctic,
Racing under the sun,
Onward, onward, along the great circle,
By your side I, too, rode the Spirit of St. Louis,
Invisible. . . .
When you saw Ireland
My heart, too, was cheered,
And the wraiths of failure vanished.
Over England, over France,
I held with you, determined to the end.
And when, at last, you stood and said,—
"Well, here we are!"
You knew, Lindbergh, you knew
That I, America, stood with you!

And all the shouting,
All the adoring gestures,
With you, I, too, received them.
And when you visited the celebrants of France,
With you, I, too, hid pride in modesty.
And when, beside the war-torn,
Simply, you wept,
With you, I, too, shed tears
That all that had to be.

And when abundant adulation pressed on
you,
My forehead, too, was deep suffused.
Those modest, modulated thoughts you
gave
Were mine, and from my heart.
Your shrewdness in reply was mine,—
I knew it, oh, so well,
And smiled with pride that it was so.
It seemed so often you had done
The things your heart revealed were right
In all humility.
And in my heart, I, too, knew they were right,
And felt a new humility
In pride.

You are America,
And I, America, am you!
Your birthright, independent courage,—
That was surely mine to give to you.
I am your heritage!
I am your pedigree!
In every miracle of action,
In every mystery of grace and strength,
I gave to you,
And you gave all to me!
For this I shout to you,

For this I praise you, Lindbergh,
And I praise myself.
For this tears start to my eyes,
As to yours.
For this I glory in you and am stronger,
Conquering time and the elements more surely,
In you.
In all these trials
Where you have not once failed,
With you, I, also, have not failed!
Once more I stand, America abreast the world,
Carrying as a banner your bright deeds,
Your glory and your simple pride,
The wonder of your virtues,
As if they were my own,
For they are my own!

MAY 20-21, 1927

RUTH BROWN

THE quiet morning beauty of the world
Saw youth raise silver-pale and valiant wings
In shining flight.
Above the towers of cities
Canyoned deep with gray-stoned verticals
Of futile height, the wings of youth flew on;

Above the countrysides whose tranquil fields
Were mingled by the gentle alchemy
Of sun and distance into one pale tone
Of shimmering light—the swift wings flew;
Above a white-foamed coast where endlessly
The stark black rocks mock at the hungry seas.

The far, disturbing blueness of the hills
Was left behind and youth, eternally alone,
Turned toward the veiled horizons of the east,
Toward shrouded skies and that bleak solitude
That covers all the silence of the sea.

The quiet, star-pricked beauty of the night
Saw youth drop silver-palè and valiant wings
From shining flight—upon the soil of France.
And hearts grown stale and brittle once again
Remembered ecstasy. And withered men
Were not ashamed to feel the quick white fire
Of pride in kinship with a dream come true.
Earth listened to the wingéd rhapsody
Of stern-lipped youth, triumphant and alone.

FLIGHTS

ADELIA BROWNELL

BUTTERFLIES
Alighting on larkspur,
Bluebirds in an apple orchard,
A redbird in the cedars.

A dragon-fly on the pads of the water lily;
Swallows,
Martins,
Humming-birds in the jasmine,
Gulls dipping in a storm above gray water.

An eagle over the Rockies,
The homing pigeon,
The nestling.

Lindbergh
Winging his way alone
Across the waste of the Atlantic.

"WE"

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

IT would have been as fine and brave a deed
Had he who did it been worn grim by time,
Swollen with vanity or sharp with greed,
Or tarnished by life's grime.

It was not just his courage, nor his high
Accomplishment, nor all the hopes unlocked
For future years, that wakened such a cry
It seemed the whole world rocked.

Youth . . . it was Youth we cheered around
the earth,
A knightly soul and body strong and clean,
Unstudied courtesy and native worth,
A modesty serene

Through storms of praise that well might over-
bear
A mind less anchored to eternities.
More than the glorious conquest of the air
We cheered such things as these.

He was youth's answer to the wail of those
Who mourn a world swift crumbling to decay.

He was the hope that every woman knows
But some may never say . . .

The son who died, or who was never born,
Who might have been like this. He was the
bright
Indomitable breaking of the morn
After a weary night.

And now, as all tides must, this tide will fall.
As other names fill the world's mouth, will he
Sigh with a wistful longing to recall
His day of deity?

No. Of his chosen labor's faithful round
That day was but an arc. There was no need
For him to shift life's centre when he crowned
The vision with the deed.

The wings that bore him were no new, untried
Experiment, for one great venture spread,
Nor were the dreams his daring verified.
They were his daily bread.

He and his wings are one, soaring above
The silence and the praise of circumstance.
O happy man! His duty is his love,
His work is his romance.

LINDBERGH

WITTER BYNNER

OUT of the sky he came on wings of youth—
And so we fell in love again with heaven;
Forgiving one another, and forgiven,
In exaltation of a simple truth.

There were three voices in the voice that said,
"I am Charles Lindbergh." One of them was his;
And the others belonged, with equal destinies,
To a mother living and a father dead.

One was his own: "I am here and I am glad."
One was his mother's, who had made him wise:
"There are many other men under the skies."
And we listened to the mother in the lad.

But oh, how quietly up from the dead
Had come a voice: "Be high and clean, my son,—
"Against them all if need be, stand as one."
His father spoke. And that was what he said.

THE SPIRITS OF ST. LOUIS

EVA M. CAMPBELL

INTREPID Spirits of St. Louis,
Alone in fog and sleety ocean gale,
Winging a vault above the unplumbed sea,
You made the port, and Paris heard your "Hail."
The home of Coli, and of Nungesser!
Paris, all France, France, la belle France
Shouted you welcome though her soul was gray;
France bears with grace her every circumstance.
And you, aërial Spirits, Man and Thing,
Flash the wide world a secret from the Blue—
That Pegasus no more unmounts his King,
If Man the reins tight hold, and hold them true.
The "law for thing" uncurbed should not run wild
But serve the "law for man" as winsome child.

YOUTH IN THE AIR

BLISS CARMAN

YOUTH in the air!
And youth in the breed!

Out on the trails of the blue,
The glory and freedom of space,
On adventure new,
The laboring old gray earth
Sinking below and behind
Like a water-logged galleon,—
A derelict of Time,—
The sons of the Eagle
In the eye of the sun
Are out to dare
And to find.

How could youth any longer abide
The petty quarrels of nations,
Sick with the sickness of hate
And the yellow streak of despair?
Palaverers of politics,
Cynical, sinister, blind,
Plotting their treaties of peace

With reservations and craft,
Wagging their heads together
Over their mouldy maps,
With envy, suspicion and greed
In their bloodless veins,
Conferring on armaments,
Measuring gun for gun,
With professions of amity they sit
Playing their crooked game,
Mumbling musty creeds,
Without a whisper of faith
In the living Word, the gospel of love,
To save the soul of the world.

They make them ready for battles,
Counting on poison gas
To save their miserly skins,—
And the whole earth reeking to heaven
With the Christless filth of War!

What should old buzzards know
Of the Kingdom of Happiness,
The Dominion of Peace,
Or the deathless paths of the soul?
How should the clean soul of youth
Abide these things?
Is the immortal life of man

To be sold in the marketplace?
Is there nothing but money-lust,
Lawless, low-browed, impious,
Left in the land of the Pilgrims?

Out of the West on the wings of the Thunder-
bird,
Over the ranges, over the rivers,
Over the plains and the farmlands,
Over capitals, villages, towns,
The lonely shack in the desert,
Cattle ranch, cornland, orchard,
Cottonfield, factory, mill,
Trailing the blue,
Lifts the soul of America
Flying.

The eternal spirit of youth,
Carefree, confident, modest,
In the heart of one lad,—
Asking no favor,
Seeking no gain,
Fearing never a thing.
A-wing and aloft
On the amazing adventure of life,
On aërial trails,
Glad as the sun and free as the wind,

Here comes young Lindy
To the Atlantic seaboard,
Borne by the Spirit of St. Louis,
To rest, though impatient of rest, for a spell,
Bound for the old world, the home of his race,—
A migrating bird by the shore.

With no fuss nor publicity-seeking,
Quietly with morning,
With one or two loiterers standing by,
He strolls down to his plane
With a sandwich in his pocket,
Steps in with a good-bye
And is off.

New York to Paris, a non-stop flight,—
No more to him
Than the far cruise of a wild goose in spring,
Making north to his feeding grounds
By the shores of the Athabasca
Through the chartless deserts of air.
What is peril to him,
Or the unknown?
All in the day's work,
All one to Slim,
All one to the Spirit of St. Louis,
All one to the soul of America.

Who cares now for the futile League,
Or the pettifogging in Geneva!
We are sending our own envoy of good-will
In his overalls,
Knowing not Diplomacy,
Speaking the language of the open smile
And the honest heart,
The chivalry of our hope.

The New World speaks to the Old
In a language all men understand,
Older than Tyre, older than Babel,—
The sign language of the stranger in the way,
The friend at the door.

At the last report of him,
He is passing over Newfoundland
Making to sea,
Alone under the stars.

In thousands of homes over the Western World
From Fundy to the Golden Gate,
From Galveston to the Yukon,
As the news is broadcast,
Millions of hearts are hushed
In suspense.
All thoughts go out to him.
A great multitude of men

At a ringside in Manhattan
Quiet at the news,
And arrest their sport
With minutes of silent prayer
For the boy.

The spirits of thousands made one,
In the passing of a moment,
At a touch of heroism
So sheer, unalloyed, and fine!
What would it be if such a moment
Of brotherhood, of love,
Of kinship of all peoples,
Should grow to a year?
What would it not be!

"I am Charles Lindbergh",—
As he steps from his air-ship
On the soil of France,
To the wild welcome of cheering thousands,
Strangers yet friends
New made overnight,
Knowing him beforehand,
Heralded as the ambassador of peace,
Loving him at sight,
Taking him to their heart,—
The unassuming young Paladin,

"Without fear and without reproach,"
Master of the empyrean.

Was it for nothing, think you,
That the world went mad for joy
In amazement at the deed,
In praise of the doer?
Hark to the din at the pier
As he lands,
And the roar as of a torrent
Up Broadway
Echoing the applause of the old countries,
France, England, Belgium,
As he returns to his own land!

What does it mean,
Every people and tongue
Acclaiming one youth?
Never in any arena,
In no imperial triumph,
In no thanksgiving after war,
For no returning hero from victorious battle,
Was ever such heart-free
Outburst of rejoicing,
Such pæans of acclamation,
Such pride in any achievement.

We were sick of strife and chicane,
Wars and rumors of wars,
And then in an hour made whole
And glad,—with the gladness of souls
When earth was new,
And the stars of morning sang.

As respite to anxious watchers
At the coming of dawn,—
Sun on the mountains,
Sun in the cañons,
The whole world bathed once more
In the golden purpling glory of day.
Even so even now hope and promise revive
In the hearts of men.

Sons of the morning,
Daughters of dawn,
Children of the All-seeing,
Followers of the gleam,
Go we forth on the illimitable trails
Into the unknown,—

Youth in the breed,
And youth in the air!

PROMETHEUS

WINIFRED CARR

". . . he has rekindled the fires upon the ancient altars!" —*Charles Evans Hughes*

THERE is an altar in the hearts of men
That through the petty muddle of our days
Stands cold, forlorn—lit only now and then
In faith or fear against our small dismays;
Anon, as if to link us to the gods,
There glow bright moments through the ages, when
Some high-dowered mortal, laughing at the odds
Lights on the stark, cold stone the flame again!
Thus you, O Sky-man, in your sun-bright youth
Give to the old, smug world a fine, new thing,
Touched with the rare, white fire of living truth,
Clear as the dawnlight on your silver wing:
In bonds rewelded and in triumph shared;
In Life made richer, just because you dared!

THE LEAP

DANA CHAMBERS

LINDBERGH, our clamorous times had need of you.
We had forgot adventure, and forsworn
The bright emprises of a hardier day
To traffic in delusion. The forlorn
Heroics of the press, the sordid thrill,
The penny triumph trumpeted for pay,
False prophets and mock heroes, all the crew
Of sickly giants conjured by our will—
These were our empty emblem-bearers, these
Our oracles and dull divinities.

Now we can laugh again full-throated laughter,
Follow romance, head high, with long free stride.
You have given us a companion for our dreams
To march beside us singing, eager-eyed,
Old song, and share its life—feel the wind's breath
Pulsing behind the Argo; follow after
Ulysses when he threads the treacherous gulf
And steers beyond the Happy Isles, where gleams

That unknown rim of the world; or Beowulf,
Far-faring mid the monsters of the north;
That earlier Viking, Lief, who ventured forth
In open craft across cold seas to claim
Not wealth, not even earth to bear his name:
Only a tardy legend for his fame;
Or him who followed from a southern shore,
No less adventuring and no less brave;
Or one who stands for others gone before,
The knight of faith, St. Louis, riding out
To meet an unknown foe beyond the wave
And face disaster with a heart devout.
His spirit lives through you—and every other
Of those impetuous souls will call you brother.

You have made true our wistful dreams again,
And given illusion life. Let others praise
Your bearing and demeanor, the polite
Unerring niceties of later days;
Let others laud your message, that was heard
From shore to shore, the Brotherhood of Men.—
We sing the deed itself: the leap in the night
Across void spaces, the unfaltering flight,
The vigil, and at last the confident word
As you descended like a flying star,
Flung to the cheering world: "Well, here we are!"

LINDBERGH

E. R. COE

HE is the poet of the air. He writes
In verse immortal that all men may read.
His metre is a motor-measured beat;
His thought aspires through clouds to distant heights.
He spells in piston-power of strength and speed.
His is the courage that defeats defeat.

His masterpiece was written in the skies;
The dawn and darkness printed its free text—
(For which the ink was brewed from doubts and fears.)
His theme is firmer for the friendly ties
That bind his great achievement to the next
Adventure and the coming splendid years.

He is the poet of the air, whose pen,
A plane's propeller, spins new dreams for men.

LINDBERGH

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

WE had drifted worlds away
From high days of Eighteen,
The soldiers of horizon-blue,
The men of olive-green.

The world was grown a sorry place;
We whined of debts unpaid,
Forgetful of the calvaries
Where painted crosses fade.

The prayer was gone from off our lips,
The wings from off our feet;
There were no men with holy eyes
Marching down the street.

And then a man still half a boy
Leaped the lonely seas
And by his bashful daring brought
Two nations to their knees.

The sleepers by the Marne who found
Youth too fine to save,

Stirred and sighed and turned to sleep
More tranquil in the grave.

Wars fade from memory, cities fall,
Empires subside;
But courage that is holiness
And lads that dare abide.

HERO-WORSHIP

JULINE W. COMSTOCK

WHEN Mother tucked me into bed,
And we had said "Good night",
I used to be so scared I cried
When she turned out the light.

But now I know the nicest game—
(You'd never know I cared)
I play I'm Lucky Lindy,
And Lindy wasn't scared!

I fly to Paris every night:
As soon as lights are out,
I jump into my airplane-bed,
And, "We are off!" I shout.

We sail the dark Atlantic,
My little plane and I;
For Lindy flew in darkness,—
So I never, never cry.

And when I wake next morning,
We land at Le Bourget,

And then I shout, "I did it!"
And jump out right away;

And I hurry down to breakfast,
'Cause I know that they will wait;
The French are in the dining-room,—
And Lindy wasn't late!

And all day long I try to be
A helpful little child,
And do my duties cheerfully,
'Cause Lindy always smiled.

I never beg to stay inside
When I'm sent out to play;
An aviator wouldn't want
To sit at home all day!

I always mind my manners now,
And when the doorbell rings
I like to meet our visitors,
'Cause they're the queens and kings!

You see, if I'm like Lindy *now,*
And try as hard's I can,
Then, pretty soon, when I grow up,
I'll be a famous man!

THE VICTOR

HELEN GRAY CONE

INTO the cold Unknown,
"Alone, alone,
"I can sail and prevail:
"I will come at the last to my own!"

(This the young man said,
Though he said it not aloud,
Being too rightly bred,
Gently and knightly bred,
To boast before the crowd.)

II

But the Powers of sky and sea,
The Masters of wind and wave,
Were met most secretly—
Who knows where they might be?
In an azure hall, in a jade-green cave?
They looked at each other in wonder;
They laughed in thunder.

"This Man-child dreams," said they—
The hordes of the dome and the deep,

The Rulers of wind and of wave:—
"Are we old? Have we fallen asleep?
"Are we grown too weak to slay?
"Have we not broken his brothers?
"He shall fail, he shall fall with the others,
"And none shall know his grave!"

III

Then a Voice came out of the vast:
"He shall pass where none has passed,
"He shall sail to the East from the West,
"He shall come to his goal at the last;
"For the heart that he bears in his breast
"Is clean and humble and brave,
"A jewel without a flaw:
"An amulet that has power
"By the might of an ancient law
"Over man and beast, over wind and wave.
"As a reined horse he shall ride the blast,
"He shall ride to his triumph-hour!"

IV

But the devils of Greed and of Hate
Who are busy to separate
The nations, heart from heart,
Were plotting in dark apart
In some hid corner of hell;

And they said, "This is not well
"That the West and the East should meet,
"Should neighbor as in a street,
"With a day and a day between;
"For Man is many, not one,
"And must jealously guard his ground.
"God set the sea for a bound,
"And the shining waves as a sword's sheen,
"And the thing must not be done!"

V

Then the Voice came out of the vast:
"He shall link the East and the West;
"For an hour, in love he shall bind them fast;
"For the charm that he bears in his breast
"Is the spell of a great Good-will:
"Not as the hawk swoops to the kill,
"But as the dove that brings
"A Message, a Master-word,
"Under her pinions, so sails he,
"And the Message shall, for an hour, be heard:
"When the Spirit of Man shall find its wings
"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA!"

VI

Into the cold Unknown
He sailed alone, alone:

At his right flew Death, at his left flew Dread,
And the wood-white fog-wall stretched ahead,
Yet he sailed, and prevailed,
And he came at the last to his own!

VII

And the name of the Victor sped
On the lightning around the earth.
The presses clashed it, the peoples read,
And the roaring crowds acclaimed his worth,
Storming, mad with love and glee;
And the Victor stood before kings.
The Spirit of Man, for an hour, had wings,
AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA!

THE HERO

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

LINDBERGH, viking of the air!
Newer Yankee Norseman!
Who so blithe and debonair
Since Phœbus was a horseman?
When before the Golden Calf
Others bowed the knee,
Lindbergh's voice, in man's behalf
Vaulted loud and free.
Lindbergh here and Lindbergh there,
Lindbergh! Lindbergh! everywhere!
Lindbergh wins our favor.
Lindbergh brave beyond compare!
Was his father braver?

Lindbergh split the sky in twain
With a proud precision;
One day on Jamaica Plain,
Next day a Parisian.
Lindbergh stood up straight and strong
At a strong man's height,
Vowing that no vested wrong
Could be a Vested Right.

Lindbergh, written on the roll
Of the world's heroic scroll,
As all earth acclaims you
It acclaims that earlier soul
In the name it names you.

Lindbergh, bearer of good will,
Playmate of the stars,
May your peaceful triumph still
The devotees of Mars.
When the dogs of war ran mad,
Snapping every chain,
Lindbergh stood against the gad,
Calm and strong and sane.
Lindbergh mildly stares around
Wondering, maybe, how profound
Is our fuss and pother.
Lindbergh is a hero crowned!
What, then, was his father?

Lindbergh, like a silver shaft
Speeding towards his goal,
Sailing on a shuttle-craft
And brave of brain and soul!
Lindbergh stood whate'er befell
Foremost in the fight.
Maybe he was wrong? Ah, well,
Maybe he was right.

Lindbergh here and Lindbergh there,
Lindbergh! Lindbergh! everywhere!
Lindbergh wins our favor.
Lindbergh brave beyond compare!
Was his father braver?

LINDBERGH—ALONE!

BYRON COONEY

CHARGING headlong into the dawn,
Meeting the gaze of the morning sun,
Swift as a swallow,—svelt as a swan,
Seeking a goal no man had won;
Only the pipe of a sea-bird's cry,
Only the song of his engine's drone;
Over the coast line,—under the sky;
Maybe to glory,—maybe to die,—
Lindbergh sped to a virgin throne;
Onward, alone, alone, alone.

Cabot plowed on the sea below.
There was the trail of brave Cartier.
Eric and Lief had felt a glow,
At Vinland's headlands looming here.
Here had trysted Evangeline;
There piled bergs on a coast of stone;
Viewing as only the Gods have seen
A continent on a magic screen
A smiling youth on a west wind blown,
Flying seaward, alone, alone.

Straining lever and squirming cog;
Sweating engine and heaving wing;
Weird sounds in the cloaking fog;
Plaintive chants that the pistons sing;
Churning a universe of white
Ermine, ghostly, chill, unknown,
Vanished Aurora's kindly light,
Hidden the ocean's vast affright,
Sullen the billows' ceaseless moan,
Menacing Lindbergh, alone, alone.

Ripped and shattered, the numbing haze
East and westward is torn away.
His cheek is kissed by the solar rays;
Sparkles his eye with the light of day.
Under him wave and wave and wave
Reach with their angry arms upthrown;
A heaven above and below a grave,
Between the pit and the azure nave,
Skims where a gull has never flown,
Lindbergh, flying, alone, alone.

O weary, sleepy, O hungry boy!
Weaving unaided the strands of Fate,
Clearing the void in a purring toy,
So weak, so little! O God,—how great!
Courting the tempest,—cheating the sea
Down where leviathans lay prone;

Never a sigh, a tear, a groan,
A shiver of fear as his plane and he,—
Canvas and steel and flesh and bone,—
Challenges Neptune, alone, alone.

Oh! for the thrill of his first fond glance,
Gay at the sight of his mother Earth,
The Irish isle and the shores of France,
Heralding Ariel's late re-birth.
Laurels and lays for such as he!
Prince of the wild untamed ozone,
Who saddled the gale and jeered the sea;
Gambled with Death and Eternity;
Bantered the Gods in a jocund tone,—
Lindbergh,—landing, alone, alone.

Nations fondle his weary ship;
Alien races acclaim its knight;
The old old world with a kissing lip,
Vibrant, in welcoming, sheer, delight,
His triumph flashes from pole to pole
As kings applaud from each purple throne,
And poet, peasant and prince extol,
Our modest boy is Olympic grown.

But, Nungesser's mother—and then his own,
In his high white hour he seeks,—alone.

ST. LOUIE

L. S. COOPER

HEY, hain't ye heerd o' thet Sp'it o' St. Louie?
He done hit—I tole yu so!
Whilst th' rest o' them-all wuz chewin' th' rag
He lep' on his plane like a broom-ridin' hag—
He wuz rarin' tu go!

Yu say nuthin' good could cum out o' Mĭzzoury?
Don't Lindy b'long to us, Hey?
When gents like you their opinyuns wuz lungin'
Thet boy has done gone on his way a-wungin'—
I reckon spoutin' don't pay!

Hit hain't so much thet our Lindy is right lucky,
Hit's lucky old U. S. A.
Th' rest o' th' world wuz doin' hits gassin'
But thet thar youngun wuz already passin'—
Hit alers is thet-a-way.

Wal, ole St. Louie is still in Mizzoury,
Jist don't yu ever fergit!
Whilst other fellers is a-tinker'n with cars,
Lindy wuz up thar a-monkeyin' with stars!
Hits th' ole "show me" state yit!

THE WINGS OF LEAD

NATHALIA CRANE

THE gods released a vision on a world forespent and dull;
They sent it as a challenge by the sea hawk and the gull.

It roused the Norman eagerness, the Albion cliffs turned red:
"You fly the wings of logic—can you fly the wings of lead?

"It's been done in faded ages changing titles for each writ—
"The wheel, the keel, the pinioned heel, the longbow and the bit;

"The tiller and the javelin, the harp with leaden string,
"The pewter lens that Homer used, the ore in David's sling.

"Locations in all latitudes where heroes left the ground
"Still show the clots of cinnabar that marked the last rebound.

"We set no rules on engines or the drive of
whirling gear—
"Our course is but a thousand leagues of doubt-
ful atmosphere.

"Designers may parade a moth or rack the
condor's spread,
"One simple stipulation—that the pinions be
of lead.

"The prize is for our own good will, and that
no Freudian stand
"To tell the gods that courage spawns within
an empty hand."

* * * * *

The hawks were dropping challenges from
Tokyo to Rome;
The gulls delivered cartels from Cape Town to
tousled Nome.

The Nagasaki coal girls stopped to wipe their
smutty eyes;
The damsels of Ferghana saw new rug tints in
the skies.

A thousand ardent oilers swung the long spout
'twixt their nods
And tried to glimpse a meaning in the challenge
of the gods.

And then one night there landed on a Mineola
swale
A plane that looked like pewter, with a car-
rier of mail.

Its wings were tinged like tea-box skins, each
truss of shadow-gray,
Its cabin but an alcove slung beneath a metal
ray.

"The Spirit of St. Louis" was inscribed upon
the lee;
It came from out a province that had never seen
the sea.

The pilot entered for the course, the quarter
quadrant glide—
To fly the full Atlantic and the tag ends of the
tide.

He listed in as "Lindbergh"—just one pace be-
yond the ranks;
He had a moon-stained paddle and some star
gas in his tanks.

A chemist from Olympus with a ladle, nicked
the rays;
He said the ore was purer than it was in Cæsar's
days.

Invisible, he passed the word, the barograph
was sealed—
A plane with leaden wings went down the
Mineola Field.

It rose and fell and rose again and then at-
tained to breath—
The raiment of the bubble when the bubble goes
to death.

And somewhere near to noontime as the
fishers turned to scan,
They saw a pearl-gray monoplane slide east of
Grand Manan.

A single motored miracle, a lead mine on each
flank;
Below a shadow swept and awed the hundred
fathom bank.

Upon a billow rocked and cheered a lanterned
spindle buoy,
The off-shore bells were chanting for the Spirit
of St. Louis;

For o'er the darkened deep there flew a carrier
of mail,
His engine drunk with star gas and a berserk in
the flail.

He made the course the gods had set, the
quarter quadrant glide,
He flew the full Atlantic and the tag ends of the
tide.

* * * * *

The ruby runs a temperature—there's temper
in the gold,
A hero donned the wings of lead and rimmed
a wrinkled wold.

'Tis a feat that sends old Richard groping
down a ghostly van,
Starts a Joan doing high steps on an ancient
barbican.

And the eyes of all look upward seeing sign-
work drawing nigh,
The stony wings of Egypt coming back across
the sky;

Ephesian Dian teaching how a legend comes to
bloom,
And Indra holding something new, the plum-
met-laden plume.

We hear the clinking tambourine of Miriam
anew,

We believe in every miracle since Lindbergh
flew the blue,

The wonder of the long draw when the bow-
string is a thread—
The beauty of a courage that can raise the
wings of lead.

"LINDBERGH FLIES ALONE"

CORNELIA FULTON CRARY

ALONE he soars, this Eagle of our time,—
Intrepid, unknown youth with steadfast eyes,
Into the untracked distance of the skies;
Through mists of morning on a quest sublime.
In non-stop flight, as none has ever flown,
He flies alone.

Alone, yet companied by courage high,—
With faith, and skill and understanding true;
One with his plane, like bird across the blue,—
His purpose firm, to conquer or to die.
Still, through it all, there thrills the undertone,
He flies alone.

And all the way, as throbbing soul to soul,
The heart of multitudes outpours in fervent prayer
That dauntless courage, speeding thus through air,
May find its haven, reach its longed-for goal.

While countless prayers ascend to Heaven's throne,
He flies alone.

He reaches Paris,—wins the accolade;
Ambassador of air, brings to the scene
New bonds of friendship; and with modest mien
Receives high honors to his prowess paid.
Into his Country's heart,—well-loved and known,
He flies alone.

TO C. A. L.

GLADYS M. CRIPPS

"The crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic."

—Walt Whitman

LITHE stripling of the stock of pioneers,
You are that dream-self we all long to be,
Adventuring with purpose high and free,
Untouched by dross, untroubled by base fears.
Lead on! America's great future nears.
You are our pledge to all posterity,
A promise true, cloth'd in simplicity,
That we for history's finest can breed peers.

What whisper from a forebear of the race
Of Vikings bold and sturdy bade thee go
Out o'er the sea that once had lured him far?
What secret symbol on the moon's bright face
Told you the watchword meet was "Skyward ho!"
Clean winds your guide, your confidant a star?

LINDBERGH

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

DID you feel our hands on your hands as you guided
The lone bird over the sea?
Blonde young Viking, we were with you
Bearing you company.

But it was you who chose the danger,
You who took the chance,
You who tossed your life like a coin, lad,
To bind your land to France.

You have made your mother our well-loved mother,
You have made your smile our smile;
You have joined the nations brother to brother,
You have brought back peace for a while.

Blonde young Viking, flying, flying,
Like a sword that breaks the blue,
While the world remembers the men who made it,
It shall remember you.

OUR KNIGHT

HOPE HARDING DAVIS

I SPEAK for the Ladies of American birth
Who stay now in France, not on their own earth,
Whose hearts, Captain Lindbergh, are offered to thee;
I speak for the Ladies between twelve and three.

Our story books tell us of days so old,
When Knights for their Ladies killed dragons so bold,
And carried the banner of their Lady so fair
And rested the rose crown on her silken hair.

Many a sigh from children like me,
I speak of the Ladies between twelve and three,
That there were no more Knights in these days so tame
That were equal in valor to those Knights of Fame.

When OUT OF THE SKY LIKE A GREAT BIRD HE FLEW . . .
And all of our dreams now will come true;
For we now have a pattern of our Knight to be,
We American Ladies between twelve and three.

Our Knight is tall and fair and bold . . .
He conquered the air, hunger and cold,
He conquered the wind, the sleet and the snow,
He conquered . . . many more things than we know.

Met by a Nation this brave Knight so young,
He listened calmly while his praises were sung.
Fare well, Captain Lindbergh, O Knight of to-day,
WE wish that forever in France you could stay.

You take with you medals and tributes untold,
You take with you praises of Generals bold.
But I send you *Hearts, Hearts* that beat just for thee,
From the *American Ladies between twelve and three.*

WHOSE SON?

GERYL DEEN

MY son," quoth Courage, "not to be denied;
"Among my first born, write ye high his name."
Then Valor answered, with a glow of pride,
"I, too, upon his lineage have claim."
"And will you wrest from Commerce, share in him?
"Let none dispute with me, his lawful sire;
"When Glory's light has faded and grown dim
"His name, with mine, will lofty deeds inspire."
Spake Aviation, "Crown him King of Air,
"And fetter not his spirit, doubly mine,
"Nor bind with earthly ties, though rich and rare,
"What Fame has destined endlessly to shine."
His mother smiled, so fair and sweet to see,
"My son?" she said, "American is he!"

HOMAGE TO CHARLES LINDBERGH

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

SAID the Sea: I am old.
I have known the children of men
Lo! these many thousandfold
Of their years.

When their first ships defied
My ravaging waters, then
I loosed my storms; and men's pride
Found them biers.

My liege brother the Air,
I am hungry; cast me my prey
That now in frail shells dare
Ride the skies.

Give! I raven for more!
I am rich in mists; I will pay
You from thirsty shore to shore
For my prize.

The Air Obeyed.

Said Nungesser to Coli,
"We are done; we are done.
"The sea has risen to claim us;
"We shall lie where none may name us."
Said Coli to Nungesser,
"After us there will be one
"Will end what we have begun."

The Sea Laughed.

Then the Spirit of Youth came soaring, soaring,
Eyes ahead and heart unfrightened;
A conquering boy whose load was lightened
By rushing dreams and hopes outpouring
Their winds of prophecy.
And surely, safely, the slinking Ocean,
The treacherous Air, he fought and routed;
Safely, surely, with destined motion,
Straight to the goal where legions shouted
Their hail of victory.

The Sea Surrendered.

Let the people cry;
Let their plaudits summon a world to his praise:
But they cannot change this boy; his gaze

Has been on a conquered sea,—
On the deep doom of bravery,—
And on the sky.

Now let him fare
Where he will for a space: let him be alone.
He has known still thoughts we have not known,
Give him pause: for soon again
The Air and the Sea will call; and then
He will be there.

THE FLIGHT

BABETTE DEUTSCH

AN earthen shadow lay on men's endeavor.
Four years of war, nine years of bitter peace
Had bred a cynic wisdom in the young.
The old men fed
Upon the old thought: "Even the best are dead
"Soon and forever.
"Daily our power shrinks. Evils increase."
Some laughed, some cursed, some cried, but most were quiet,
Having drunk weak poisons till no potion stung.

Meanwhile the plunging hillocks of the sea
Skipped no less wildly because men were dull.
The mountains did not crane their craggy necks
To watch the cities climbing to their full
Desperate stature.
The wind was not still,
Ploughing the boughs for a harvest of rich sound,
Though no ear gathered it.

The stars were bound
On journeys that ignore the human will.
And clouds contended, and the soft rain fell,
And each neglected day that ended
Shed petals from the flowering immense
With a remote lavish indifference.

But that vast ocean, neither salt nor green,
That coastless sea where no ship voyages,
The nameless waters that the spirit knows,
Trembled like flesh under the lover's touch,
Trembled, unseen,
And shrank, and mightily rose . . .
Those cliffs, eternal and invisible,
That the soul pants for in the dread of death
As the sick stare at the health-giving hills,
Lifted their throats to the vehement proud
breath
Of an announcing wind . . .
And music, thin as crystal snows,
Rang in that country where no man has been,
But where the pilgrim mind finds its profound
repose.

Above the loud gray leagues of threatening sea,
Below the unfathomed ruthlessness of heaven,
But blind to both, having once turned the key

On light, on sound,
On every comradely
Solicitation of the day and night,
One flew, alone.
Locked in the narrow dark,
Seeing only the hands that passed across
This dial and that, to mark
Miles won, and power's loss,
As a physician feeling his own pulse
Might judge how soon no medicine would serve,—
He kept control
Of his dear monster: the enormous plane,
And of that singular passenger: his soul.
He was alone with it.
The cockpit held
Nothing but night, the roar of the machine,
The dials that said:
"So much is gone . . .
"There's storm ahead . . .
"So much is gone . . .
"There's storm behind . . .
"So much is gone . . ."
He was alone
As one condemned to die, whom neither friend
Nor stranger can commend
To the ambiguous Grace that chose to sow

Divine desires in man,—then lay him low.
In solitude, in darkness, and aware
Of a brute fury mastering the air
To its inane malignant ends,
He, in the air,
Pursued his course, prey to what agony
He need not say, nor on what victory's
Tremendous trail.
He flew, as toward a light
None the less luminous because it burned
Beyond the airy road his hooded eyes discerned.
He did not fail . . .

Not his far flight,
Not the dared feat and the accomplished goal,
Not the acclaiming thunders, nor the bright
And rapid rain of honors split the night
In which our coward courage, like a mole,
Crept stupidly, until he gave it eyes.
The miracle was wrought aloft, alone.
There in the upper reaches of the air,
With none to hear but his half-deafened soul,
Sounded the viking cry:
"Skoal, Lindbergh, skoal!"
The storm snarled vainly, and in vain the sea
Coiled back upon itself remorselessly.
Because one man was brave

At midnight, in mid-ocean, in mid-air,
The grave
Resigned its victory,
And death was robbed of its undying sting.

Here is the thing
That in the stress of mortal life stands firm,
Setting the lion's valor in the worm,
Pouring upon this jungle world a splendor
Larger than sunset fires, and more tender,
Showing to the mean heart and cruel mind
Provinces undiscovered, rich beyond imagination,
Not to be defined.

Humbly, as he,
And with the same smiling austerity,
Let us too fly
Through the known danger and the perils chanced,
Guessing what salty roadsteads, what grim sky
Regard our struggle. So we shall have danced
Our dance with fate, the Masqued One,
And have trodden
The windy spaces that the eagles tread.
"Even the best are dead
Soon" . . . But forever
Remembered virtue shines, and does not die.

TOWARD ANOTHER DAWN

CHARLES DIVINE

HE takes the road men call an endless track
Of unsubstantial air, of time outrun
And space defied—his high-dimensioned life
Has made him dare as Dædalus in the sun.
Over house! Over tree!
As a bird is free
He wings his solitary way
In the early mists of day.

Jets of steam are floating, floating over roofs,
White drifts of vapor forming pennants over
temples
In the upper city of the air, a mountain's height
away,
Columns too noble to dignify the day
In streets sunk gray.
The sea is near with voices,
The sea is near with ships,
And sailors walk unhurried
Gazing in the air
At steam floating high,
Floating over white,

White roofs in New York,
The language of temples.

Under all the cornices, immaculate and proud,
You can hear them counting, counting money
loud;
But one face is gone,
Adventuring without greed
Toward another dawn.
Men in penny-errand streets run, run, run;
Others halt to scan the sun,
And some have paused to wonder
Why sun-burned men in May
Gaze at vapors floating by
Like little clouds looking for a sky.

His course lies eastward, ever eastward,
While behind blows the same west wind
Columbus faced when quelling mutiny
To reach these shores . . . Eastward he flies
Into all the emptiness of endless skies!

A narrow valley dips to the waves
Where he dips too
And fisher-folk look up and stare
When he passes through.
And now the sea! the open sea!
He reads a map unmarked by this

Gigantic wave and seething hiss
And all the ethereal vacancies
At every moment new.
Pale, perilous citadels to touch,
Deserted mountain-towns of white
Cast loose from earth, the icebergs loom
Through the fogs of falling night,
And darkness settles on the sea
And the wind wakes its might.

A man of dreams, so solitary, all surrounded
By oceanic uproar whose sea-dogs have hounded
Many a soul before,
And icy fingers of the storm
That clutch for more!
An inland man, enough of silence dwells in him;
He brings his dreams from the shore.
A wave of vapor sends him high—
He feels the sky.
A surge of sleet beats him down—
He remembers a town,
How he walked, acquainted, stoutly stood
And knew the earth was good.
Yet he cries to himself: of the air is he;
How can they batter him
Who lives on the air and sea!

In Paris they are waiting, talking, waiting,
And all mankind in one anxiety
For man, peers at the sky, ready for the fêting
That shall be his who, yesterday, unknown,
Unsung, set out for old-world pinnacles alone.
At café tables saucers rattle loud,
A populace awaits, so well aware
Man under an awning draws an even breath,
But up where towers end and land leaves off
Man under a cloud, a fragment, falls to death.

The world and the unsubstantial road
Grow gray with another dawn,
And blind him to the wind-aisles lost
In the walls of clouds, with his heavy load,
And the beat of the storm and the engine's roar
Battle to win the road.

More than rebellious sailors at sea
On a caravel's deck, uttering sound,
The mutinies of thoughts to a man alone
Bring fear upon fear circling him round
Like a black-browed crew—
And the chills that creep to his very heart
Are part of the emptiness ever new.
The storm is their master,
Driving them on; and faster and faster

Falls the sleet in the air.
He peers at his track—
Shall he turn back?—
And thinks of the drowsy peace of a room,
Shores less aloof,
Men housed in towns at night,
The rain on the roof. . . .
His hand with its quick control may turn the moment
Backward, backward to home!
But all mankind in one anxiety for man
Has messengered the air with faith.
He peers at his track—
Too late to turn back!—
And stretches his fingers the least,
And—holds his course to the East!

Then out of the vague, uncertain sea
How idle that fishing-boat appears
And the shore he nears!
Sweet is the study of hills to his eager eyes
As low over trees, exultant, again he flies,
Knowing no feast of foliage earth can spread
More beautiful than this so swiftly sped
Beneath his plane, this rocky coast so soon
Of Ireland on an afternoon.
In Paris they are waiting, talking, waiting,

And listening above street noises for a hum.
Where is he now? What word has come?
Some eyes grow dim with tears, knowing how
near
This voyager to the end of every fear
Has winged his way. A woman weeps, apart,
In a darkened city, wondering at her heart.

Then out of another elemental night
Down to a Paris field winking with light,
The lonely traveller comes at last to rest,
Down to a towered world. Traveller from the
west,
These crowds are yours, this frenzy of a race
Revering courage in so young a face.
A little while men lived in high romance
With you, and in that city of vaporous distance
Forgot their petty reckonings for yours,
For you who made two worlds the track of
tours,
Crusading out of unsailed leagues of air
To where crusades began, with pomp and
prayer,
And where your voice, again on earth from so
far,
Uttered the simple greeting: "Well . . . here
we are!"

"WE"

LOIS DONOVAN

WE have spoken with the stars,
Venus, Jupiter and Mars;
We have flung a challenge wide,
Over wind, over tide,—on the air.—
We have floated on a cloud
Where the sea-gulls scream and crowd
And have dipped with them to breast
The white waves' crest;—as up a stair
We have sped, on soaring wing
Where the spheres unnumbered sing,
And the dark has been a pathway we have trod;
In a wilderness divine
Where the ether is like wine,
We have felt the still, sustaining hand
Of God.

Not for glory, not for fame,
Not for riches nor for name,
But for something finer, greater, than all these—
To the heart of France our flight,
Out of darkness, into light,
We have borne a people's soul across the seas!

THE LAST FRONTIERSMAN

MARION LOCKWOOD FERGUSON

OUT into silence on the morning wind
He leapt toward the Old World with the fire
Of the New World uprising in his blood,
Wearing the bright vermilion flower of youth
That finds its sweetness on the lips of death.

Pale cities gray with years and thoughtful men
Scanned the wide West and waited in a glow,
Hearing the heart-beat of the centuries
Throbbing aloud within the silver bird . . .
Visioning the first fair youth of light
Rise from a cave and, fearless, face the Sun . . .
Remembering a dreamer sailing West
Who watched alone upon his tiny prow,
Taking the world alone across the sea.

The mute eternal footsteps of the hours
Melted to minutes underneath his wings,
And suddenly the long dark arm of night
Swept him from earth and gave him to the stars—

Stars like a golden conclave of the gods
Sitting to meditate his destiny.
Then a defiant panoply of clouds
With javelins of sleet and ebony winds
Charged on the bird, bore like Goliath's breath
Down in their strength against his slenderness;
Yet, swift as David's tiny pebble slung,
The bird beat on . . . in loneliness more stark
Than any man has known upon the world . . .
On, on and on, until the shaking gales
Seemed like the drowsy droning of a mill,
On, till a monotone of aimless thoughts
Dulled through his mind and loosed the fear
of sleep
Nearer and nearer like a surly mist
Swaying and crouching, whirling like a fiend.
Only the day, the morning that he knew
Would whiten softly on his aching eyes,
Would open sweetly like a field of flowers,
Seemed safe from evil in the alien sky.

Dusk . . . dawn . . . and land, a gray unmoving wave,
As still as sleep and steady as the soul,
Softer and greener in the wider sun:
A sight to wake a bird out of a dream,
A sight to lure a bird out of the sky;

And from it rose a long resistless joy,
A quiet ecstasy that stung and stayed
And swept life, once, up to its pinnacle.

Evening, like love, crept to the sweet French
fields;
Towns were relinquished to their candle-
light . . .
At last a city trembling with bells,
Dusky and jewelled with amazing light,
Arose to meet him with a fiery smile
As might a woman with a dream fulfilled.

THE ARROW OF ACESTES

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

OUT of the ship of Serestus the mast was torn by Æneas,
Who held it firm on the headland as a maiden holds a willow,
Then high on the mast of Serestus Æneas lashed a pigeon,
While archers shuffled the lots and drew from the brazen helmet:
Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, drew first and sped a clean arrow
That buried itself in the mast by the head of the gold-eyed pigeon;
Who can follow him, Æneas?

What can follow you, Marco Polo?

He lies on the grass by the river,
There's a water clock by the river
That measures the age of a face of stone,
For the world ends at the river.

Now the bow is bent by Mnestheus, wide-farer
crowned with green olive;
His arrow shatters the cord that binds the dove
to the masthead,
The bird is freed by the shaft from the bow-
string of Mnestheus,
She flies like the morning sea-light flooding the
darker islands;
Who can follow him, Æneas?

What can follow you, Mackenzie?

There were locusts at Lake Athabasca:
Three were caught in the smearing of
spruce gum
And rode the canoe down the rapids
Through the forests of ice and of roses
To the sea of the weaving monsters
And the blue-white mountains floating,
Where the world dies with the river.

Now Eurytion marks how the pigeon, whipping
the misty twilight,
Moves with the aim of his arrow that rises and
falls with her winging,
While the heroes shout: Many a dolphin shall
graze with the deer on Olympus;

But the mocking and point of the arrow are one
with the heart of the pigeon,
And the blood of the pigeon is one with the
blood of the world, the Ocean;
Who can follow him, O Æneas?

Blériot, where have you been?

The first gull turned like a tumbler,
There will be parabolas, mark you;
I can feel the dark suck of the pistons,
You but hear the white cry of the firing;
It is done when you hear the explosion;
There will be parabolas, mark you,
In the dream and the suck of the piston,
The mating of gases and matter
In the fiery womb of the motor;
I have seen the gull of the channel
Fall back in the curve of the tumbler,
Men will make parabolas, mark you.

Eurytion sobs to his great bow, but the warriors
mark how Acestes,
The last to draw his lot from the bowl of the
brazen helmet,
Chooses an arrow whitened by the pumice
strokes of the homeland;

What will ye kill, Acestes? The belly of the sea beast?
Would ye rend a dove that rots in the belly of the sea beast?
Acestes springs the true bow and the arrow of Acestes
Cracks into whistling fire, the clouds part for the arrow,
The sky that holds no pigeon splits open for the arrow,
A course of flaming thunder in the evening is the arrow,
The arrow yields unfalling fire into unfalling fire
Of stars that cool their images in seas at archers' feet;
What can follow, great Æneas?

What will you do, Charles Lindbergh?
Then standing with his left leg on the world,
He swung his right leg through a little arc,
And pulled his left leg in and closed the door
And arched the land and sea and day and dark.

TO THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

H. B. FIFE

THERE had been whisperings all the night before,—
Whisperings, and a tossing world of winds.

One hurled dead mists from a cringing cloud;
One snatched the fog, and wove a folded shroud,—
White shroud, to wrap a dying youth.
There had been muttered murmurs, and a tossing wave
Quietly scooped a hollow for a grave.

It had been low at first,—the murm'ring drone,
The dreary hum that pierced the shifting air:
Then, through the tight-lipped darkness there had flown,
Cleaving the black with richer blackness there,
The pulsing, throbbing silhouette that tore the night,
Rending the fog's white shroud with sharp, cold light.

An icy cloud reached down a heavy hand
To grasp the fleeting form:—a hand whose gray
And icy fingers reached to burn their brand
Upon the quiv'ring flank that leaped away.
And frightened, tossing winds moved to and fro
Watching with bated breath his fading glow.

Out of the dark he came, and his wings were swift and strong
And the throbbing motor tore the dark with the flare of its mighty song.
And the whisperings died, and the tossing winds were hushed, and the sea was still
And the winds dispelled the shroud of fog, for that night there was no kill.

UNFALTERING

GILMORE FLUES

NOW land was gone, the gray eternity
Of sea and sky hung round him like a shroud,
And fog, grim spectre spawned of that grim sea,
Rose up to blind his way, but tight-lipped, proud,
He would go on. Nor lashing rain nor sleet
Which deadened wings could swerve him from his way;
He held his course as that frail Spanish fleet
Held theirs to win a world one ancient day.

Who pits his heart against the might of seas,
Who goes with death as comrade of the trail,
Who dares alone a strange dawn's mysteries,
His deed is one years may not hide nor pale.
This man has brought us courage in bright dress,
His name shall lead us forth to nobleness.

THE GIFT-BEARER

CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN

WHEN we consider how this world has spun
Into a thing of selfishness and fears,
A murky ball whose crystal seldom clears
To catch the pure, proud colors of the sun—
We marvel not that, joyously, as one,
We hailed with love this boy as he flew by
And prayed that eyes that strained to watch his sky
Might stay uplifted when his course was done.
And, as this dauntless rider of the air
Went shining through the corridors of space,
We caught the gifts he tossed from heaven's bars
And urged our coward hearts once more to dare.
That men grown broken might rejoin the race
He gave his wings, and to the blind, his stars!

A BALLAD OF EARTH AND SKY

BERTHA LEE GARDNER

OH, what do you see from on high, young Lindbergh,
What vision of years that draw nigh?

Through lofty air lanes the throbbing planes
In silvery squadrons ply,
They span the seven seas, they brave every breeze,
They crowd out the sun from the sky.

And what do they bear afar through the air,
As their whirling engines roar?

Full many a ware from Vanity Fair,
And ever fly fast for more,

They waft over from France satin shoes for a dance,
Dim vases from old Cathay,
Topaz from Brazil, silken lace from Seville,
And peacocks from Mandalay.

To the great airports, to earth's high courts,
Still others rush harried men,
Whom ladings of freight, or councils of state
Call hither and yon again.

And shall men never rest from the age-old quest,
Of luxury, empire, and pelf?

Not even the dower of wings gives man power
To escape from the prison of self.

And still as of old the war lords hold
Veiled conclaves for selfish gains,
Each seeking the lead in a madcap speed
To outnumber his rival's planes.

From ships of the air fiercer combat shall flare
Than from galleon or ancient trireme,
And man's hates and desires kindle wilder fires
Than ever set the heavens agleam.

But was it for this, and only for this,
Lone Eagle, you jousted with death?
Companioned by stars, broke the sleet's icy spars,
While a waiting world held its breath?

And was it for this, and only for this,
We gave you our love, shy lad?

Caught the knightly emprise in your brave, young eyes,
And dubbed you our Galahad?

O sky-born young knight, so mighty a flight
Never shall be again,
For into the blue you lifted with you
The hearts of all sorrowing men.
These, cleansed and made new as with heavenly dew,
Shed away, like dead leaves in the wind,
The dark hidden stains, the hot searing pains,
Of all the sins they had sinned.

And they dreamed that above, like a still, gray dove,
Brooded your shadow ship,
While the East was love, and the West was love—
Love, wherever its pinions might dip.
The whole earth round, not a fortress frowned,
No battleship scoured the deep,
And the ancient fears for invaded frontiers
Long had been laid asleep,
For you led the van of man's glory in man,
And gave him that faith to keep.

No, not ours the praise for happier days,
That were splendor too high to dare,
For my comrade and I from the reaches of sky
Never glimpsed that vision rare
And peace and good will must bide until
The souls of men are free.

But that dream so fair—and his words seemed
a prayer—
We would it might be! We would it might
be!

LINDBERGH'S LAY

ELIAS GARTMAN

SKY-STRETCH above me,
Ocean beneath me,
Vistas about me,
I brave you unseen gods;
I ride like a Viking, a Viking;
I ride like a Viking of old.

I drink in the raindrops,
I sing in the sea moan,
I laugh in the wind roar,
I dare all the air gods;
I ride like a Viking, a Viking;
I ride like a Viking of old.

Sleet and the rain-burst,
Fogs and the cold winds,
Lone and the darkness,
Menacing blackness;
I fear not you fear-gods;
I ride like a Viking, a Viking;
I ride like a Viking of old.

Burst all your lightnings,
Boom all your thunders,
Break all your cloud storms,
I challenge you sky gods;
I ride like a Viking, a Viking;
I ride like a Viking of old.

Dash, O you cold waves,
Lash, O you storm waves,
Crash, O you mad waves.
I laugh at you sea gods;
I ride like a Viking, a Viking;
I ride like a Viking of old.

IF THE KITTEN HAD FLOWN

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

LET us consider, cats and men, what would the rede have read
Had the mascot kitten convoyed the Two, making "We" *three,* instead:
He, the boy with an eagle's heart, the pith of a pioneer,
Lovable manly modesty, sympathy true, sincere;
Then, the sturdy and faithful plane that bore him steadily on:
A gallant Pegasus, cleaving shades for the goal of a deathless dawn;
Lastly, IF—though a fate unkind scotched it with cold decree—
If—a gray kitten might have sailed, soared with the splendid "We"!

. . . . . .

Ah, the glory, and ah, the pride! A kitten cruising the skies,
Lindbergh's mascot, with velvet paws and wondering yellow eyes!

Think of the sights as you peep below or stare
into space afar,
While taut gear hums with a cheery song to the
speed of the tilting car!
Was it a chip or a silver fish that danced on the
waves below?
What were those little white fluffs above, like
yarn-balls soft in a row?
Think of the sport for a flying cat when the
hailstones rattle and hop,
Skipping about on the cockpit floor! Scamper
and pounce till you drop!
Then the fog, with its vague sea-smell, pearl-
ing your soft gray fur,
Making the far-off, futile earth a dark, scarce-
visible blur;
Naps, snug-rolled in the sheltering hull, to wake
in the rushing dark
With the moon, a bowl of the richest cream,
ahead of the speeding bark,
And the little stars through the dusk agleam,
a couple of eons hence
Like eyes that challenge or glow with love atop
of a vast back-fence. . .

. . . . . .

Many a ship may sail the sky blazed by the
glorious "We"—

Seldom, though, by a helmsman steered graceful and fine as He;
Many a man may tread the path St. Louis' Spirit has paved;
But when again should a kitten share the perils that Lindbergh braved?

THE FLIGHT OF LINDBERGH

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

Wings of the Morning

YOU took the Wings of Morning, choosing not
The laggard light of noon or starlit hush . . .
Into the sunrise, into dawn you shot
With sudden sweep and roar of upward rush!
You took the Wings of Morning—soaring out
In splendor of courageous solitude . . .
Setting at naught the dragging hands of doubt,
Your mind and soul with sunrise fire endued.

You flew with face set forward to the Day,
A son of Morning, heir of breaking Light!
Before the foggy mists were blown away,
Your wings were spread in that immortal flight
Which even in its earliest hour seems
A legendary voyage, a flight of dreams!

II

The Lonely Way

How small an atom on the stormy air,
Your silver ship went plunging on through space!
How small a force to try the clouds, to dare
The wastes of wind above the waters' face!
The cohorts of the fog beset you—sleet,
A bitter foe, upon the fuselage
And straining wings in pagan fury beat,
As though to turn you from your pilgrimage.

But roaring down your lone and darkening trail,
And flying swiftly as the falcon flies,
With this frail wingèd ship, through gust and gale,
You wrote a living legend on the skies!
And hearts of nations knew one beat again,
And sudden tears were in the eyes of men.

III

The Victor

There is a passion for the spoils of peace,
Keen as the lust of warriors in the field—

And you, a seeker of the Golden Fleece,
A conqueror with neither sword nor shield
Have won acclaim that Cæsars could not win—
A Victor over high intangible things—
To Icarus . . . and Guynemer . . . akin—
In very bond and brotherhood of Wings!

Magellan, Drake and Raleigh . . . all the lone
Adventurers who loved the beckoning light
Of far horizons, hail you as their own!
You found, like them, the face of Daring bright—
And lending all your powers to her emprise,
Gave back her gaze with deep unflinching eyes.

LINDBERGH

HELEN BYROM GRIGGS

The Flight of the Sea-Gull

THE gull-flight his—the long flight, strong flight, free,
Speeding to sea before the offshore gale.
Behind him all the lights of land grow dim,
The friendly beacon and the sunset's flame
Flicker and fade, Day's tired face grows pale
Watching him, dauntless, dare the deep and seek
To pass that far-off gray mysterious rim
Where Night and Sea are one. Dropping to skim
So low that spindrift whips across the cheek,
Salt tangs the lip and spurs the pulsing heart,
The Viking heart that land could never tame.
Valiant with all the courage of the sea,
Buoyant with all the freedom of the air.
Sweeping undaunted, purposeful and bold
Through thickening dark and stifling calm, to tear

The cushioning blankets of the fog apart,
Fling off its hampering folds, and rise to where
The great pure winds of Heaven can dry each wing
From its foul impact, and the soul sweep clean
Of every thought unworthy to unfold
In this high place, where Truth unveiled draws near.
In these wide upper reaches, still, immense
With time and space beyond our reckoning,
Where blinding awe and understanding pour
Their staggering voltage down each line of sense
The mind reels, and stunned, it craves relief,
Seeking the Sea who mothered us before
The swift Winds wooed us. In the cool embrace
Of her familiar atmosphere comes rest,
While far below glimmers the white moon's track,
A silver footprint on each billow's crest.
Strained heart and brain grow calm again, and rise
To the stupendous effort of the race,
Keenly awake, with ears yet tuned to hear
Stars calling, and the voiceless super-speech
Of Gods who tell their secrets each to each

In the dim whispering time that lies between
The hush of midnight and the dawn's first blare,
Trumpeting scarlet notes across the gray
Of eastern skies, crying "Arise, forth-fare—
"Go, meet the smile upon the young Day's face."
Dawn, and the white lips of the crowding waves
Leaping to reach him, greet him, lure him down
To the old thraldom of the ocean's sway,
To the slow serving of the tyrant tide,
The tortuous channel, and the tedious shoal,
The bubbling whirlpool, and the dread surprise
Of battering shipwreck and uncoffined grave.,
These broken fears of yesterday we scorn.
This is to-day—No more may seas divide —
Look where the morning gilds the nearing shores,
Between the greetings of "Good-night"—"Good-morn"
Behold him link the continents while they sleep,
Lord of the air and conqueror of the deep.

The Triumph

The land once more—In misty dim relief,
Old England rises from her circling seas.
Beyond lies France, the Mecca of this flight.

Breathless above her provinces he soars,
No time to heed the siren call of these,
The lights of Paris beckon through the night.
A moment longer and the race is won.
The friendly hands of France reach up to aid
The spent and weary flier to reach his goal.

The Soul of France, rising above her grief,
Drying the tears that weep her lost "White Bird",
Welcomes with open arms to victory
The Spirit of St. Louis, and her guide,
Whose daring flight the world's slack pulse has stirred.

The Spirit of the Valor of the West
With high white flame inspired this her son
With steady courage, and ambition high,
With leaping thought to meet the crisis' test,
And iron nerve to match emergency.
Not blind to danger, but immune to fear,
He grasped the moment that the gods revealed,
And, mortal, for a brief ecstatic space,
Coursed with the dazzling riders of the sky,
Phœbus and Phaethon, armed Bellerophon,
Dædalus, swan-winged—Hermes, feather-heeled—
Immortal hands conferred his accolade,

This Knight with wings, this Bayard of the air,
This Lindbergh, who, while nations shout his
name
And thunderous applause rolls round the world,
Its echoes tuned to touch time's farthest year,
Dignified, modest, simple and unspoiled,
Disclaims self-glory, and disdains loud fame,
Bidding us honor those who, patient, toiled
Until the visioned structure of their dream
Grew to this wonder, and the sacrifice
Of those who paid, ungrudging and aware,
Dear life itself as glad adventure's toll.

"I have done nothing—but be ours the pride
"To build, to serve the navy of the skies,
"On far-flung wings to see our flag unfurled,
"To keep unsullied, loyal and supreme,
"The Spirit of the Service of the Air."

"A FAITHLESS GENERATION ASKED A SIGN"

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY

A FAITHLESS generation asked a sign,
Some fresh and flaming proof of human worth,
Since youth could find no flavor in life's wine,
And there were no more giants in the earth.
Then out of gray obscurity he came
To laugh at space and thrust aside its bars;
To manifest the littleness of fame
To one who has companioned with the stars.
The drought of greed is broken,—fruitful streams
Of courage flow through fields long parched and dead;
Young men see visions now, old men dream dreams,
A world moves forward with uplifted head:
A lad with wings to dare had faith to rise
And carve proud arcs across uncharted skies.

II

What shall they say of him who add his name
To the proud page of earth's remembered ones?
Was it the loneness of his flight to fame
That placed him with the well beloved sons
Of all the ages? Rather let them say,
"Because his heart was greater than his deed,
"His courage higher than his cloud-strewn way,
"His faith more shining than his silver steed,
"Men squared their shoulders when they spoke of him,
"The lad who brought from solitude or star
"A splendor wealth and homage could not dim,
"To glow in fame's fierce light without a scar:
"A secret every man of them could share,—
"All things are his whose dreams have wings to dare!"

THE EAGLET

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

OH, who would clip the wings of him that flies?
Though of our love there is not any lack,
Let us not wound our stranger from the skies
Who comes to us with oceans at his back,
And swiftly cancelled continents. His heart,
Soaring and calm, with awful faith imbued,
Demands a place of loneliness apart,
The refuge of some higher solitude
Than this, where, like the eagle, he may find
A clean, cool way, an arrogant delight
Unknown to us who never knew the wind
Nor straddled the Atlantic in a night. . . .
Let plaudits cease! One cannot tame such birds,
Nor overtake them with a flight of words. . . .

YOUNG DÆDALUS

FLORENCE FOSTER HALL

HE whom I praise?
One young but as the morning,
Young with the promise of dawn's friendly light,
Wise in the softly whispered night-wind's story,
Steeped in the knowledge of the star-strewn night.
Where learns the eagle incidence of swooping?
How drifts the moth aslant upon the breeze?
Tides chant and stars hum; moons tell silver secrets;
Sagas come chiming from the leafy lips of trees;
God's public schools make solitude a brother,
Courage a tranquil soft-spoken friend,
Vision and judgment, quiet self-reliance
Henchmen unwavering to the very end.
They were the legion forming, to preserve him,
All through those weeks that led up to his flight,
When, through men's tears, the swallow of the sea-lanes

Shrank to a silver moth drifting toward the light.
Past sleepy villages, sprawling in the sunshine,
Chequerboard farm and forest and lea;
Night with its fog like cold sweat of a dreamer,
Clearing at last to star-flecked silver sea.
Ireland. England. Were there sea-gull escorts,
Wheeling to meet him, stately in their dance?
Sunrise. Sunset. The beckoning lights of Paris;
Down, softly down, into the arms of France.

Whom do I praise?
One tall and slim and boyish,
Half the world's lover, the other half's son,
Man enough to pluck the plaudits of the nations,
God enough to deprecate what he had done.
Swift to include in garlands of his laurels
Hot heart of steel, that echo of his own,
Sounding a rhythmic symphony of daring,
Music neither could have made alone.

He whom I praise?
A nation's gay young envoy,
Newly dispatched on silver-pinioned feet.

Quaintly equipped with notes of introduction,
Courageously humble, seriously sweet.

France will interpret the spirit of a nation,
Whose youth, through all the flattering pageantry,
Still sees the villages sprawling in the sunshine,
Chequerboard farm and star-flecked silver sea;
Still hears the tides chant, the night-wind's whispered story,
Chimed from the lips of every forest tree.

"ROLANDS FLAME-HEARTED"

GWENDOLEN HASTE

A TRAGIC spring, rain cursed,
Lay on that island thrusting to the east.
Gray clouds had burst
With bitter harvest—
Mist and sleet and cold;
While the loud sea, like a devouring beast,
Clamored and grew more bold. . . .
There was an omen—
A silver ghost that with dull boom of wing
Might visit the nights of one so young with qualms,
Might drench the stubborn hair and wet the palms. . . .
A sobbing spring
That mourned for youth
Dead in the voiceless north.
A troubled spring
Weeping for youth that would so soon set forth
Upon foolhardy journeying.

Why should he leave the sweetness of his days,
The common roads of life where nothing blows
The glimmering harebell in the grass,

For that high trail
Arching the cavern of the gale,
Lifting through empty snows
To the immaculate pass
That but the sturdiest adventurer knows?
Yet in a dawn, misty and dim,
He spread his clear wings on the moveless sky—
Laconic and alone as men must go
Into the dark abyss.
And the sea followed high;
The rigid sleet
Clamped fingers on him;
But the immutable beat
As of his serene heart throbbed hour by hour
Until among a people tuned to valor
He stepped out stiffly on that ancient sod
And was a god.

God of a world gone mad,
Frenzied with joy in strength so cool and young;
Where the great bells were glad,
Purged of the weight of avarice and swords
Whose triumphs they had rung.
Banners and lords—
The pageant made for conquerors marched by

This peaceful silent conqueror with wings—
This smiling boy, awkward and shy,
Riding where princes ride,
Dining with kings;
And puzzled in his young simplicity
Wondering that men should leap and cry
Merely that he had spread those wings to fly,
Had only followed the unbroken ones,
That happy company of ignorant men
Who never reckon life in gold and years,
Preferring hazard under barbarous suns.

Do not rejoice for Lindbergh this high day.
He is but one who, rude and innocent,
Has brushed the hem of danger on his way—
Your shouts are lost upon unheeding ears.
But cry the gods, O man, for this alone,
That in a world so long made vast with fears,
Shattered with hatred,
Mired in foolish greed,
Where we are well contented with a stone,
They can be born who suck eternity,
Hear wilder singing,
Follow a ruddier star,
Who husband lightly this dear human breath,
And sailing over oceans, black and far,
Ignore that cold intruder we call Death.

LOHENGRIN

BARBARA HENDERSON

YOU have returned, O Lohengrin, once more!
Blown hither on the winds of destiny,
Your shining swan has drifted to our shore,
A silver ship from some enchanted sea.
Not floating idly down a languid stream,
As once you came, but through uncharted skies,
On sweeping pinions, driven by your dream!
Knight of the Air, alone your spirit flies,
Alone returns in light: for mortal hearts
Forever fail their gods; and Lohengrin
From darkness springs, to mystery departs—
Yet charts the trail a soaring soul may win;
For though you fly too high for mortal view,
The convoy of our hearts shall follow you!

A DEAD SEAMAN SPEAKS

SARA HIMLINSKY

OLD man of the sea
I have slept
While the long years crept
Into history.

But this rumbling
Vast as the vastness of night—
This mumbling—
Is it menace seeking
Where to alight?

Old man of the sea,
I have grinned
When my dreams were dinned
With earth's misery.

Now this rumbling
That splits the caves of the sea—
My soul is stumbling
To a second mortality
And my heart
Slippery with slime of the sea

Knows only the dart
Of a strange wild jealousy.

Old man of the sea,
I have sailed
Where others have failed
Miserably.

But this rumbling—
The fishes are frantic with fright—
This humbling—
My soul is shrinking to-night
Here in the deep sea caves
From the mocking cry of the strong salt breeze
As it hurries a strange new craft along
Shouting a lusty song
Of triumph over the waves.

Old man of the sea,
Let me sleep
In the chill green deep
Let me be.

This rumbling
Is only anathema now.
An ocean is spanned
While my skeleton hand
Is fumbling a silly weed.
Let me sleep.

ALONE

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

ALONE above the sea, alone
Above the land in lanes unknown,
Along the fog, along the sleet,
With none to pass or meet.

Through dark and storm he rises swift
To where the stars, in sentry shift,
Their quiet watch of sleepers keep,
And yet he may not sleep.

He feels the height of Pleiades,
He feels the deep of deepest seas,
He races on the roof of night
To feel the joy of light.

The morning star is like a thing
He might be touching with his wing,
He lifts and passes as a proud
Young eagle to a cloud.

O sweet is dawn, and fair and sweet
When youth and dawn in heaven meet,

And fear is but a bubble's spawn,
When youth is one with dawn.

Now shadowless and golden noon
Along his airy path is strewn,
All suddenly below he sees
The green of growing trees.

Again the night, again a light,
And in a flash the finished flight,
As Time, in some exultant trance,
Had hurled a silver lance!

LINDBERGH

GEORGIANA HODGKINS

WHAT did you see?
Upon that way uncharted, were there
no shapes
That passed you by with swift 'hail' and 'fare-
well'?
Were there no eyes, intent yet hapless,
That looked at you a moment, out of the mists?

"I saw the outline of St. Johns
"Break through the fog below me. I saw my
dial
"And I set my course.
"Far off I saw—
"Paris."

And heard no voice?
No wailing in the wind? No warning word?
No cry from those who rode so recently those
hungry spaces
High-hearted and alone?

"I heard the throb of my engine.
"I listened to her heart-beats.
"I heard the rush of wind through the wings.
"Far off I heard—
"Paris."

THAT MAPLE ON THE HILL

J. RAY HUNT

LINDBERGH is that maple,
That maple on the hill.

I cried over many mournful things,
Knowing they could not last;
I laughed over beautiful things
And one of them held me fast.
'Twas "a tree that looks to God all day;
A tree that lifts its arms to pray":
'Twas that maple on the hill.

I sighed over melancholy things,
Dreaming as they flew past;
I smiled at the fun of senseless things,
So happy in their cast.
Then there, full mystical and calm,
A beacon stood against all harm:
'Twas that maple on the hill.

Lindbergh is that maple,
That maple on the hill.

COCOONS

GERTRUDE SCOTT JEWELL

OUT of the things with which the earth is strewn,
The common little things of every day
That bind us all, was made a small cocoon—
(Of woman's love, man's work, a wee child's play,)
Woven in pattern intricate and sure,
And in its core a dream, serene and pure.

How could we know, we stupid ant-like things
Plodding along in our accustomed paths?
How could we know of unseen straining wings?
But when the sun itself cut through at last
The curtain of the fog, up toward the morn
Flew forth a magic thing, alive, new-born.

What of that living dream? In tactile form
All peoples gazed upon it, watched it grow
Gorgeous beyond believing, knowing storm
To make it potent, and the morning glow
That deified and painted it in light,
Stripped of its earth-coat, altogether bright.

Pray that it hold its place near Heaven's gate
Nor build another small cocoon—of Hate.

CHARLES LINDBERGH

HULDAH M. JOHNSON

YOU who love the sun and summer weather,
Who feed on beauty at the ocean's brim,
Look out again upon that far horizon
And see if there be any trace of him
Who, with small craft and brave heart bravely guided,
Stepped up into the air and flew away
To alight beyond the rounding curve of ocean
In lands that know the other side of day,
Leaving no trail by wind or wave in motion
Or echoing sound to show where he had passed,
Followed by prayers that wafted up behind him,
Prayers that this passing would not be his last—
The brother of the Swan and starry Eagle,
Bird-like and like a fiery comet, too,
Brilliant and lone and swiftly, briefly flying,
Soared into unknown depths of waiting blue.

A day, a night, another morning gone.
The eagle flies beneath another sun;

Then leagues of heaven, never cleaved before,
Draw close to wait their fill of earth's acclaim,
As young Charles Lindbergh stands at Europe's
door,
And all the world begins to sing his name.

OVER, THROUGH, AND UNDER

A Rule of the Primitive Ball-game

ROSSITER JOHNSON

THE Sea of Darkness 'twas of yore—
A sea of darkness now no more—
That all-destroying, all-devouring beast,
Man and his works its feast.
But Christopher, Charles and Cyrus
Have drawn the monster's virus,
Have roused the whole world's wonder
With their Over, Through, and Under.
First Christopher dared to do it,
When his caravels plowed through it;
Then Cyrus under-girded it;
Now Charles has over-birded it.
Hail to their triple feat!
The feat that makes complete
The conquest of the sea that ran,
Since time began, 'twixt man and man—
The dread of nations—jailer of the world,
A warning finger every wave that curled,
With tides that lashed the wasting land

And fought the traveller to a stand.
There sullen rolls the conquered sea.
Hail to the noble three!
Who've solved Earth's greatest wonder
With their Over, Through and Under—
By their courage and their skill,
And their ever-patient will,
Rebuked the bounding sea—
The Sea of Darkness, feared of yore,
The sea that sets our bounds no more.

WING ON!

JAMES R. KAMP

YOU are the Spirit of St. Louis,
You milky shadow of the air.
As such you cannot sail too far,
As such you cannot be too fair.

Over the gray clouds, wheeling, turning,
Not as a snowy bird of peace,
But rather as an eagle, soaring,
Bringing youth, at last, release—

You are proving that all courage
And all greatness has not died,
For the spirit of St. Louis,
Its youth, is sailing at your side.

Wing on, O "Spirit of St. Louis",
Wing on! your flight is not in vain,
For you are carrying our youth
Back to its heritage again.

LINDBERGH

I. J. KAPSTEIN

HERE'S a guy no different from me,
with arms and legs and eyes like me,
but he jumps in a plane
and flies over an ocean
like he was taking a train to Times Square.

What's this guy got that I ain't got?
Why the hell am I here shipping out dry goods,
while this guy ships himself over the Atlantic,
and gets a big hand from all the big-timers
with all them French broads
falling all over themselves
trying to kiss him?

It ain't only because he's got guts.
I ain't bragging, but I got guts myself.
Wasn't I in the Argonne,
and didn't I go over at four in the morning
while I'm figuring there's a million bullets
coming over with my name on 'em?
But it ain't only guts.
There's lots of guys with plenty of guts.

The way I figure it is this—
this guy Lindbergh's got the guts alright,
but he's kind of daffy,
he's a nut that's what he is.
Who the hell else would go flying
all night for a day and a half
across a couple of thousand miles of water
but a nut?

Not that I'm knocking this guy,
don't get me wrong.
But only a daffy guy, a nut,
could do what he did
and get away with it.
He's in the same class with Steve Brodie
jumping off Brooklyn Bridge,
or like the guy that went over Niagara Falls
in a barrel,—
nervy guys but daffy as hell.
They do things they don't have to do
for no reason at all.
They get some kind of an idea in their heads,
and they ain't happy till they try it out.

This guy Lindbergh is like that,
and not that I'm knocking him,
but there's plenty like him in Bellevue.

The only difference is that he ain't quite so daffy
as they are.

Well, the truth is I'm jealous of the guy,
he ain't no different from me,
and any guy with nerve could do the same.
Yeh, maybe.

Christ, it makes me sore.
Here I am a cheap shipping clerk
with an efficiency guy watching me to see
that I don't steal a minute
for a drag at a butt,
while outside there's a nice sky,
and it's warm,
and there's guys flying up and down
over all the oceans.

But what the hell, I got to live,
if I tried to fly I couldn't eat.
I'm in the bag, that's all.
But Christ, if I only had the chance,
I'd do the same as Lindbergh done.
Well, I don't know if I could,
I ain't got that daffy streak in me,
I wish I had.

Alright. Supposing I did do some fighting in
the Argonne.
I knew what the hell was waiting for me,
I knew what I was going into.
But this daffy guy didn't know what was gonna
happen,
any minute he might of gone down.
But anyway he went,
and he made it,
and everybody, everybody goes daffy over him.
And the French President and all the French
broads
kiss him.

He's one nervy guy,
he's a guy with guts,
and I'd give my right arm
to have his nerve and guts
and be as daffy as he is,
and do what he did,
Yeh, I'd give my right arm
to do what this guy
Lindbergh did.

ALONE

A. K. LAING

THE lamp of valor flickered low;
The viking banners all were furled
And put away where shadows go
When nightfall wanders in the world.

With wary eyes and voices hushed
We rendered our unlovely parts.
A god of yellow metal crushed
The hero hunger in our hearts.

We wrote a tale of wasted days,
Successes that were not success;
And what we won in little ways
We spent for little, or for less.

And then the silver monoplane,
Humming an iron monotone,
Leaped; and a glory filled the brain:
"Lindbergh, the eagle, flies alone."

A hush of wonder cloaked the land
From North to South, from East to West.

The pen was idle in the hand;
The heart was pounding in the breast.

Cold men who scorned the thought of prayer
Forgot their scornful creeds, and prayed;
And terror trembled in the air:
We feared for him, the unafraid.

No news; and then on every hand
The word rang like a sudden bell:
Between the crags of Newfoundland
He waved a hemisphere farewell.

Fog laid its icy film of death
Along the silver, cambered wings.
The shifting ocean snarled beneath
In promise of the end of things.

The ocean lost, as onward hurled
The Spirit, lonely and elate.
Dawn swept across the bending world
To meet them off the Irish gate.

Ireland . . . the continent . . . and night
Once more . . . and then a distant spark
Glimmered and grew. The signal light
That marks Le Bourget split the dark.

"I am Charles Lindbergh." Through all lands
Four words spread wonder at the boy
Who broke the ocean with his hand . . .
Wonder, and tears, and sudden joy.

"I am Charles Lindbergh." Thus he taught
Humility, and fearlessness,
And spoke a name that could be bought
For science, but for nothing less.

A little while he talked with kings;
He walked with crowds a little while,
Before he buckled on his wings
Again, with his remembered smile.

Shall we remember, as we settle
Back to our littleness again,
We, who are strangers to his mettle
That grows too seldom among men?

We are adept at quick forgetting.
Fame flickers, and then passes by.
Do we recall the great sun, setting,
After it withers down the sky?

We may forget; but if we do
One proud truth has been written plain
For men in every age to view:
That valor never is in vain.

Though we may wander on again
Forgetful of his flashing smile,
It made a world of better men,
No matter for how short a while.

The shifty-eyed looked straight ahead;
The coward put his fear away;
The man who stole another's bread
Within the law, was shamed, that day.

Though it may die before we die,
That steady courage of his face,
His leap across the curving sky
Has changed the story of the race.

In valor's trophied corridors,
Immutable, the glory stands
With banners of forgotten wars
That flamed through unremembered lands.

THE EPIC

MARY F. LERCH

A MINSTREL'S tale the King enthralls,
A song of ships that seaward go;
Across the court the music falls.

The smoky torches on the walls
Cast shadows that to monsters grow
While minstrel's tale the King enthralls.

The guards are drowsing in the halls,
The Princess plies her needle slow:
Across the court the music falls.

The cat beneath the benches crawls
And curls in sleep. The Queen sighs, "Woe!"
As minstrel's tale the King enthralls.

The King's hand shields his tired eyeballs
From crumbled logs of ember glow:
Across the court the music falls.

The voice of many waters calls.
The jester's bells are silent. So

A minstrel's tale the King enthralls;
Across the court the music falls.

II

Men struggle on, the warring and the hate
O'ergrown, like ruins, with Life's lusty vines
Putting forth fruit of enterprise, and Fate
Turned kindly, toasts achievement with rare wines.
The quivering air surrenders all its song;
The nations talk across the vasty deep;
Da Vinci's ancient dream, that wings belong
To man, has come and wings above us sweep.
But like a timid swallow's broken flight
The airships' journeys, and the tragic ill
Of Icarus destroys with terrible might,
And countries cherished but their own, until
There rose the Lone Eagle, and he flew:
Across the watching world the cheering grew.

III

What minstrel's voice were needed now
To sing across the courts of earth
The saga of America,
Our Lindbergh's birth!

The cities spend their joy in noise
Of plaudits such as Jove might merit,

And all our unborn children shall
The tale inherit.

For men have worship in their veins,
And greet with old intensity
A hero worthy the long-pent
Deep ecstasy.

IV

Alone, he dared a way untried and dire,
Alone, he braved the unconquered element's ire.
Young and alone he cut a famous trail
Through the long hours of windy rain and hail.
What thoughts went free above the monotonous din
Of roaring motors? We may never know,
But surely God was there, and there may have been
Some sensing how the world would compacter grow.
For in his frail-winged ship he carried the cord . . .
A thin gold thing, more potent than the sword . . .
To bind together the floating continents
And fold forever the hated battle tents.
Young and alone, he is the inspiring source

For future traffic o'er the ocean's heaving,
For other airships, monstrous shuttles weaving
The invisible threads of human intercourse.

V

A minstrel's tale the King enthralled
Long ages since, a song of ships.
The epic of to-day is scrawled
In one word—Lindbergh—on all lips.

Across the court the music fell,
With none to hear but royalty.
The epic of to-day will swell
From coast to coast and sea to sea.

May he who flew the torch to bear
Keep bright the flame remindingly,
That manhood may forever fare
On high, brave wings of destiny.

THE TREETOP CHILD

ANNE LLOYD

[*It is said that, when a small boy, Lindbergh would hoist his bicycle into some treetop near his home, climb aboard it, and sit there for hours dreaming that he was flying.*]

A CHILD in a treetop dreamed of flying,
Long ago on a summer's day;
Under his feet green boughs were lying,
Over his head far cloud-lands lay.

Deep were his eyes with a wish unspoken,
As he traced the arrowy way of a bird;
And his heart held the hush of the sky unbroken,
And only the leaves of the green tree stirred.

. . . .

A youth swept out of the dark one morning,
On the shining wings of a dream come true;
He looked on questioning fears with scorning;
Straight toward a beckoning East he flew.

Over the sea through the perilous weather,
Swift as a comet his silver streamed,
Linking two hemispheres close together,
While a world waited and prayed and dreamed.

Into the arms of a breathless nation—
Bringing to triumph a mighty plan—
He flew at last—to a world's elation!
The treetop child had become a man.

SON OF THE NEW AGE

MARGERY S. MANSFIELD

THEN night, and the moon, and the clouds below
Like a silver sea above the sea—
"O waves that break on no known shore,
"O silent waves" . . . (the engine's roar) . . .
"O keen clear cold, and one man here,
"Straining his eyes for the sight of birds,
"Where no one knew that birds would fly.
"Where have they come from? Where do they go?
"What do they trust in?
". . . Birds go by!"

Content in their cool companionship,
First man to see what birds have seen,
First man to be as birds have been
Mid-ocean, solitaire, in flight
Between the clouds and patterned night,
The measured planets that stud the sky,
A map for man to pilot by!
"O new world of the upper air,

"The earth hangs in you like a grain of sand
"In a great hourglass, and to understand
"Eternity, is to be here."

He did not say, but felt these things to be,—
Words beyond words—above the second sea,
False ocean of the clouds.
(If a man could keep
Something of the poise and sweep
Of plane on tilted air,
Could be as he had been up there,—
One with birds and flight,
And the patient stars, and night—
What would he care
Though tongues were quick with envy or acclaim?
What would be blame?
—Or fame?)

"This is the heart of Being," said the boy.
(Such a one might keep
A defter grasp on life;
An emissary from the clouds
Could, with light grace,
Interpret man to man, and race to race.)

So when he felt the strangeness of the ground
Rising beneath his feet,

And saw again, familiar, new and sweet,
The multitude of men, the crowd's composite face,
He spoke with simple candor, and young grace,
Modest, from the wideness of the skies.
Men wondered one so young could be so wise,
Praised him around a planet. . . .
And the clatter
Of all their tongues, could no more matter.

A CHANTEY FOR CELESTIAL VIKINGS

EARL MARLATT

SWALLOWS swarm
Among the wind-blown blossoms.
Swans cleave the foam-clovered sea
And leave a caressing furrow
In the meadowy surf.
The eagle flies high
And alone.

I, too, have flown
As the eagle flies.
I have seen quilted islands,
Polka-dotted with orchards,
And spotted with lakes
Like staring, embroidered eyes.
I have seen the swan-path
And the seal-bath
Dangle like crystals
From my cloud-cooled wrists.
I have seen furrows plowed by whales
Flutter behind me like tattered silks,
A tail for my silver kite.

I have outwhistled gales
And playfully patted the hounds of day
As they barked at the heels of night.

I have outflown the gulls
And the clouds.
I have companioned the sun
In its singing flight over ocean
And watched it drop like a rocket
Into the starry shallows.
I have felt fogs close around me
Like clutching fingers.
I have heard the death-tinkle of sleet
On tomb-white wings
And the vaporous gibberings
Of sea-weary ghosts.
I have brushed their frozen breath
From my rime-wet cheeks
And laughed at their sinister warnings.
I have blown the mists away
Like smoke-rings from a giant's pipe
Or darted through them
Into a skyful of stars
A skyway without horizons.
I have vanquished the ravenous shadows
And found flares of furry luminance
Beyond the deepest dark.

I cannot die
Who have flown as eagles fly
Into the blue unknown.
I have throttled oblivion.
I have fathomed the myths
Of space and time.
One to me are height and depth,
Daylight and dark.
I have fronted the universe
And found it friendly.
I have broken its stormy rhythms
With my rainbow laughter.
I have shattered its terse geometry
And its brittle syllogisms
With an arrogant gesture.
Hereafter
There will be rents in its seamless vesture.
It will bear the illogical scar of me
Through the far recesses
Where eagles fly
And the plangent wildernesses
Of sea
And sky.

I am one with immensity.
I cannot die.

THE SILVER SHIP SPEAKS

LILIAN C. B. McA. MAYER

OUT of the cold gray moorings, the long field gray and bare,
We slipped through silver-slanting sheets to the silver-gray of air,
Glad to be off together to race the keen, high wind
Though our errand had blanched the faces of those we left behind.
But yours was a heart that dreamed and soared and I was a singing bird
That fretted the cage the livelong night the voice of menace unheard.
How we throbbed to feel our freedom as we shot clean-quit of earth,
And as cloudward North and East we flew we were almost moved to mirth;
But the gray closed in about us—gray billows overhead
And the Sound was a slim gray filament, intangible as Dread.
The world was gray at Marblehead and Scotia's broken shore

Was a blur on the dim horizon where the deeper waters roar;
But Halifax was a steel-cut map, and now on land, now sea
We dashed for the banks of Newfoundland to a gray eternity—
Whirlpools of gray above us, gray chasms on either side,
And down below us were long gray ghosts that danced on the twirling tide.

A ruthless world when the sun went down and we swung to the open sea
Into the black of a horrible void—into immensity;
Into the treacherous seas of air that rolled like living things,
Into the howling hurricane that beat upon my wings.
Do you remember the sheets of sleet that swirled and cut like Pain,
How you urged me on through the tempest, through mist and blinding rain?
Steady and strong through the hours your hand, in your heart not a trace of fear,
As you held me straight as a dart to the course —and whispered words of cheer.

Then on a sudden we cut the clouds like a bolt
of Jovian light
And the wonders of the *Fortunate Fields* were
spread before our sight!
Who says that stellar spaces are lonely and
cold and bleak
When all the gods of Hellas were here at a
game of hide and seek!
And heroes, birds and beasts that Jove trans-
lated to the skies
Were filled with laughter and merriment and
then with a strange surprise.

King Cepheus waved us a greeting, the Hunters
crouched aghast,
And the Man on his Knees, old Hercules, let
fall his club as we passed,
We saw the fingers of Vega like the touch of
angels' wings
Sweep down the great Harp of the Sky—then
suddenly mute the strings;
While over the flowing Milky Way that foamed
like fairy lace,
Aquila fluttered his outstretched wings and
challenged us to a race.
Plunged headlong toward us Cygnus came, his
pinions wide and fair,

And up from the East old Pegasus was neighing and pawing the air.
All the universe seemed a-wing to follow us on our course—
The Flying Eagle, the Flying Swan and now the Flying Horse.
We dipped in salute to the moon in the East that laggard after the full
Flung out a ribbon of gold as soft as Jason's Fleece of Wool;
And I would have veered to that curling stream as it swept to the distant West
Where Denebola sent us a mocking gleam as the Lion couched to rest,
But though you were gay with the gods at play in their chaos of revelry,
Not even the gods could make you swerve from the path you had charted for me.

Vanished the night, and the horizon of another world unrolled
With the first faint streaks of coming light that would turn the gray to gold;
And a portent shone in the Eastern sky—an omen of luck, I say,
For Jupiter Feretrius was watching the gates of Day.

We raced the sun in his chariot through leagues
of shining sky;
The Bank of Porcupine shot to the West and
the Fastnet Rock loomed high;
The sweet green of the Celtic hills came to us
like stinging wine,
Then ocean, still more ocean and England's fair
outline.
As one we were on the pulsing air, as one o'er
the pulsing sea,
For I was your winged armor and you were
the soul of me.

In the trail of an orange sunset we drove like
a pointed lance,
"And yonder" you said "is the Channel, and
yonder the coast of France;
"Then Cherbourg, Rouen, PARIS,—my Silver
Beauty, well done,
"For darkness is yet before us and the goal is
almost won."

In the young, black night we winged our way
when sudden on our sight
There flashed from the curving river a thou-
sand banners of light.
And now the banners were waving; like comets
they gleamed afar,

They shot to the very zenith, they streamed to
the uttermost star!
And all the sounds of the earth seemed met in
one long, unmuffled cry
As we dropped to the field of Bourget out of
the flame-lit sky.
"The Spirit of St. Louis!" the shout came
clarion-clear,
And "Lindbergh! Lindbergh! Lindbergh!
O God, he is here! he is here!"
A hundred thousand caught that cry and in
unison the notes
Shook out in a diapason from a hundred thou-
sand throats
That startled the silence; and against the listen-
ing cities hurled
It swelled and broke like a tidal wave and rode
the crest of the world.

We are not elate, O Master, at the measure
our service brings,
Though plaudits, honor and gold were ours,
and the reverence of kings;
But proud in the thought that our deed may
count in the ever-unfolding plan
Of the Great Incessant Toiler who is sharing
His work with Man.

SCHOOL AS USUAL

MARJORIE MEDARY

NO questions more; the class in order, please.
(Dear God! that he were sitting among these,
And not alone above the lonely seas.)

The assignment for to-morrow's work is there
On the blackboard. (Does his mother dare
To wrong his dream with such a coward prayer?)

The chemistry of living creatures, then,
We talk about to-day. (And not the why or when
Of human love turned torture among men.)

Who is there ready in the class to name
What elements compose a body's frame?
(As if my boy's were builded of the same!)

So oxygen and hydrogen are chief
In living bodies—(Oh, past all belief,
His hand as watery as a rain-soaked leaf!)

And nitrogen the compound helps to build
Which life consumes—(His ardor to be spilled
That sharks with life abundant may be filled?)

And carbon atoms energy supply—
(O Lord of atoms, shall a boy then die
Who dared upon Thine energies rely?)

The parts performed by iron and calcium
We'll take to-morrow. (Can a morrow come
If his dear eyes be blind, his voice be dumb?)

Whence is the life and whither does it go
When molecules disjoin? (Shall it bestow
Merely new splendor on the stars, the snow?)

Yes, matter has its immortality.
(But dauntlessness that dared the empty sea
Is catalyst in higher chemistry.

('Twill be a ferment, if he wins the goal,
Quickening beyond reason's slow control
The nations' brotherhood, the racial soul.

(And if the estranging waters should prevail,—
Death cannot drown what death's shade did not
quail,
Till human daring ends and planets pale.)

"WE"

JAMES H. S. MELVILLE

ICARUS has stirred beneath his mouldering wings
And all his fearless progeny who lie
Deep in the soil, obliterate in the sea,
Or wide-eyed on the barren solitudes
Of the forbidding lands, have turned to watch
A silver arrow pointed at the sun,
And in its haft—hostage to man's desire—
A solitary spirit, in the grip
Of strange imperfectly attested laws;
Alone, but for the almost sentient touch
Of the responsive cloth, and wood, and steel,
That throb an answer to his silent urge,
And make of both a single living thing
Scaling the airy walls of destiny!

How marvellous are deeds! A flash ago
And there was nothing. Now a virgin groove
Lies freshly furrowed through the trackless air,
A fragment clatters from the bulk of time,
And hands that found it hard to span the seas

Are rapping friendly signals at the door.
The world is changed because a modest youth
And silver plane drew an unbroken cord
For us, from Roosevelt Field to Le Bourget,
On mutual terms—not of the flaunting "I",
But "We"!

Oh, there is more than prophecy
Lies in that simple unity of two
Small letters; binding in a common cause
Determined spirit and its flimsy tool.
For, in its perfectly embracing grasp,
The sum of human effort to ascend
From careful earth into the freer air
Receives fair recognition's wholesome touch—
Sweeter than praise—from one who rose there-
on;
Who felt the heel of eastward-flying Earth
Scatter its jealous dust of night and day,
Fog-bank and deadly sleet, hope and despair,
In vain to blind the eye and still the pulse
Of that pursuing purpose that was "We"!

Rise up, O Icarus, from your long sleep
Beneath your heavy wax-encumbered wings!
And you, the dauntless Coli! Nungesser!
And all you gallant ones who sleep between!
You Wright! And Blériot! All you unknown

Who daily hammer out your waking dreams
In perfect engine, fuselage and wing,
In factory, in hangar, or on field!
Arise, for Lindbergh pins upon your breasts
Distinguished decorations of his "We"!

Arise, you Mothers! Aye, and calloused men!
Bright careless boys and girls; the sick and sad;
Who, round the world, on that blank wordless
day,
Lifted to heaven such tense possessive prayer
That Hell nor all its angels could avail
To pluck that silver arrow from the sky!
Arise, and take the simple wealth of thanks
That trembles in the gratitude of "We"!

And you, O weary world, torn by the strife
Of many aspirations, many tongues,
And the constricted irk of metes and bounds,
Behold your frontiers crumbling away!
Arise and grasp the smiling faith that speaks
Of closer ties for freed men of the air
In "We"!

Oh, there is magic in that word
As there was glory in that splendid flight.
But how can any honor fill the meed
Of one whose competency honors most,

By word and deed, those who would honor
him?
For there are deeds that live, and deeds that die
From baser aim; speech that is still at birth,
And words that burn upon the immortal page
Of time. Once in so many thousand years
The wheels of Destiny grind out a rôle
And fit a perfect actor to the part,
Tearing convention's curtain wide in twain
For the revealing power of one brief act.
Then well may every heart bring its acclaim
For this short vision of its hidden faith
In God-like man's creative power to turn
The circumstance of every natural law
To beauteous purpose and to noble end.
There are some spirits that we dare not praise.

LINDBERGH

MARY GREGORY HUME MILLS

THEY called us fat with glut of gold,
Untouched by finer dream or thought,
Our life a round of Bought and Sold,
Youth in a brazen network caught.

And sometimes we, grown weary-wise,
Our senses dulled by blare and din,
Looked through the cynic's mocking eyes
Nor heard our soul's cry, faint and thin;

Till Youth came riding from afar
With morning in his heart and eyes,
Like the bright beacon of a star
In gallant course across the skies,

To give us back our dream again—
Gladness and wonder, as of old!
To bind anew the hearts of men
With links of faith, more true than gold.

KNIGHT OF THE LOFTY BLUE

LOUISE CUSTIS MINETREE

UNKNOWN, out of the West you rode
Pegasus into the dawning,
Guiding your silver steed up, out,
High on the wings of the morning.

Far-flown, with the earth well lost,
Birds of the upper air,
Skylark and seagull and eagle king,
Marvelled to find you there.

Yours is the spirit of Lief the bold.
Livingstone, Lewis and Maury, too,
Lancelot, tilting at sorry fate,
Knight of the lofty blue.

So long as the human heart shall lift
At the tale of a deed well done;
So long as the span of clay is marked
From rising to setting sun;

Bright in the log of men who dare
To bridge the hungry sea,

Your flight will live, a royal gage
For immortality.

Unknown, out of the West you rode
Pegasus into the dawning,
Guiding your silver steed up, out,
High on the wings of the morning.

LINDBERGH

HARRIET MONROE

UP in the air,
In his cockpit curled,
Youth shall dare
To conquer the world!

He is flying over the sea
In a shell alone!
Maine, Newfoundland, left behind—
He has passed, he has flown
Out into the open vast
Full of snow, full of sleet,
Out into the still dark—
No path for his feet.
He has seen the old red moon
Slit the cold night's gray
And rise like a bright balloon
To light his way.
For him the sun has thrown
Its burning zone,
And the startled morning has found him
Still flying alone.

And he sings in the void, "For me!—
"The sun, the moon,
"The night and the day and the sea
"For me!"

Oh, gayly, gladly,
Oh, swiftly, madly,
Never dreaming of danger,
Free as a song,
Air-rover, sky-ranger,
Lifting all hearts along,
Past Ireland, over the Channel,
The fields of France—
On along the slim river,
Its lights all aquiver,
To the city, to Paris,
With its crowds in a trance—
Hurrah! Vive Lindbergh!
Il vient! Il arrive!
He is ours!—Vive! Vive!

Down through the air,
In his cockpit curled,
Youth shall dare
To conquer the world.

LINDBERGH

ANGELA MORGAN

LAD, you took the soul of me
That long had lain despairing,
Sent me Heaven-faring,
Gave me wings again.
Lad, you took the world's soul,
Thrilled it by your daring,
Lifted the uncaring
And made them joyous men.

How shall we be praising you,
Who need so little praise?
How shall we be thanking you
Who go your own ways?
Only this I'm saying:
All the world is praying,
All the world is blessing you
For what your faith has done—
Godling that you are, lad,
Riding to the sun!

HONOR TO THE EAGLE

HELENE MULLINS

DO not despise too much the clumsy fingers
Plucking you in a frenzy of delight
And admiration; do not scorn the trite
Poetic word, the ghostly phrase that lingers
From old, forgotten eulogies, and seeks
To feed upon your name. Your strength has drawn
All fluttering weak things toward it from the lawn,
The wilderness, the channels and the creeks.
Do not resent too much the cage they hold,
Approaching you; they who have dreamed in vain
Of rising from the earth, though it were pain
To cast earth from them, now would touch the cold
Tips of your wings, examine you with care,
To probe the darkening mystery of your strength.
Forgive them that, in ignorance, at length,
They would destroy you grandly with a blare

Of shining trumpets echoing your praise.
What could they know about the solitude
That moulds a soul like yours? They have pursued
And captured you, to free your nights and days
Of that sweet liberty called loneliness.
Yet this beribboned cage, so fit to keep
Wren or canary captive, is not deep
Nor firm enough to cause you long distress.
You will escape the vigilance of men,
Leaving to them your mournful, twisted bars,
And strike your breast against the glittering stars,
And spread your wings above the clouds again.

LINDBERGH

MELISSA W. NASH

PETREL and gull and gannet,
The sky and a whirling planet,
And a lone lad facing the sea.

Shall the gull and the petrel tell,
Shall the gannet scream 'Tis well!
That their path to men lies free?

But the measureless way leads on,
Through the mists and the sea and the dawn,
Deep into the hearts of men.

And a weary world awakes,
And a pall of sadness breaks,
And our hearts are young again.

Petrel and gull and gannet,
The sky and a whirling planet,
And a man of destiny.

SALUTE

MAFRA NEWHALL

THERE was a time when all my dreaming youth
(Color of the rainbow, petals of the rose)
Bent upon beauty, on the trail of truth,
(Cinnamon scent from islands of the west),
Found friendly sign in every wind that blows,
Some hidden meaning, deep significance,
In ragged weeds along a straggling fence
Or sapling growth with birds above a nest;
In lifting lines of trees against the sky,
In midnight bright with jewels thickly sown,
The lacy spray of waterfalls, windblown,
The flow of rivers and the far loon's cry.

II

Then the grave days came marching one by one,
Each with a care, a sadness or a pain;
The jaunty saplings sheltered nests in vain,
For a vague trouble shadowed the mounting sun.
Unheeded passed the pageant of the spring,

Night unto night, star-sprinkled, day to day
Of splendor, brought no joy, for what had they
In answer to my deeper questioning?
No more the Magic Light from heaven streams;
I face the middle-age of commonplace,
And watch the still-illusioned run the race
With failure as the goal of all their dreams.

III

The orchestra! I love the gay preliminary
Tuning, now earnest and absorbed, now bright and airy.
This is their festive annual concert night.
How easily they finger
Those gypsy airs that linger!
Against the silhouetted black and white
Of trombone, oboe, horn and double-bass
Are ranged the violins in silk and lace,
A tulip-tinted row
Of laughing girls that dazzle and bewilder.
Once I too longed to draw the bow
Across responsive strings,
A beauty builder.
Long since that zest divine
Has taken wings
With many an eager hope and fret.

To-night—it is the truth!—
I can applaud without a sign
Of envy or regret.
Good-bye, Youth!

IV

Winter again, and laughter whirls
From whizzing sleds. Tall lads and girls
Pass rollicking with dangling skiis
And silver clink
Of gleaming skates. I like to think
How mine flashed swiftest on the moonlit lake,
Leaving behind the longest curving wake,
When I was one of these.

To-night I sit
Like any sensible soul that has the wit
To know what comforts be,
Content with jug and verse before the fire,
Snugness and warmth the goal of my desire,
My cat upon my knee.
So low have I fallen, I!
O Youth, good-bye!

V

But hark! the whirr of wings is in the air:
Fresh from your flight you step across my sill,

Youth of our dreams, the whirlwind in your
hair.
That trans-Atlantic leap that set athrill
The whole round world, reverberating still,
Shakes even my chimney corner. Have a care,
Young fellow, how you stir us from our ease:
What will become of cats upon our knees?

Something there is in you that laughs at time;
The years for you hold none of that defeat
That magnifies our failure to a crime
And shames us with a mocking "Incomplete!"
Now I have seen you faring on your way,
Eager, alert, unbaffled and secure,
Once more I'd follow, tireless, the old lure,
Believing as at twenty, and as gay.
Again that lift of the heart that is immortal
Irradiates the day
And thrills the night
With promises that startle
Our dull acceptances with flashes
Of what may be. From out the ashes
Of dreams forgone you magically evoke
The fires of zest, of daring and delight.
To us who travel earth roads to and fro
It is as if you spoke
The hope we common mortals have let go:

The voice of beauty, crying to be known,
The leap of the spirit to a fresh surprise,
The lilt in battered hearts that will not down,
These shine in undimmed challenge from your
eyes,
Answer us now at last with utter truth.
Since this is so—
No, no!
I cannot say Good-bye to Youth.

VOICES OF THE MIST

LYDIA NOBLE

(First Voice)

OH, have you seen the White Bird
"That flew from France's shore?
"Oh, have you seen the White Bird
"No man has e'er seen more?

"Oh, have you seen the fliers,
"The fliers staunch and true,
"Who set sail in the White Bird
"To fly from us to you?"

(Second Voice)

"No, we have seen no White Bird
"With wings of dazzling hue.
"No, we have seen no fliers
"Above the ocean blue.

"But we have seen a Gray Bird
"That flew by night and day.
"Oh, we have seen a Gray Bird
"That went the other way.

"And we have seen a flier,
"A flier staunch and true,
"Who piloted the Gray Bird
"Across the ocean blue."

(First Voice)

"Oh, did you see a shadow,
"A shadow run before—
"Run on before the Gray Bird
"And guide it to our shore?

"Oh, did you see the Gray Bird
"That flew by night and day,
"Oh, did you see the Gray Bird
"Alight on Le Bourget?"

(Second Voice)

"Oh, see above the Gray Bird
"A shadow eerie white!
"Oh, see above the Gray Bird
"A wraith melt into night!"

A SONG FOR LINDBERGH

MARY A. O'CONNOR

A LONG shot of silver in the dull blue sky—
And a world full of wise men said that he would die!
The kings in their counting-houses, princes in their halls,
Fat men who fingered money, merchants who sat in stalls,
(Yet many of the richest there had died some time ago)
Safe in the shelter of their four strong walls,
Shut their eyes and shuddered at the thought of sudden woe:
"A man should put a penny by! Time can also swiftly fly,
"Who will ask the reason why when all is spent and gone?"
But some of us who'd longed for life, and fought for it, and found it not,
And others who had walked with Age and rather lost our Youth,

Heard again in battle-call the spirits we had long forgot—
A Michael fierce in courage, and a Gabriel in truth!
And we lifted up our voices and we cried "On! On!
"Fly on, Lindbergh! We're watching here below!"

A dull blue sky where a silver ship had flown
On a venture that a time-worn world had never known!
"For Galahad's a merry myth," so sneered the scholars hoary,
"The Maid was but a foolish lass who told a pretty story,
"And let the feeble weaklings and the silly striplings know
"That the first was ruled by Woman and the other one by Glory!"
(For the old wives' tales, like the cockle and the wheat, are smothered where the new blades grow.)
But the words rose to Joan, sitting stately on her throne,
"He will come into his own!" was her challenge in reply.

And the saints who had suffered, and the souls that had won—
(The flier felt their swarming breath, but never saw a thing)
Rose from their places, and they blessed what he had done,
And the hosts of the dauntless bore up his wing,
While the plane flew faster to the stern words "Fly!
"Fly on, Lindbergh! They're watching you below!"

A mote in the heavens, and a thousand miles he's spanned—
Who'd dare to halt a hero in the course that he had planned?
Then sing no song of surging seas upon a stormy shore,
Of moaning tides and waters, and the wind's wild roar,
Unless it be a pæan for a Man who met his foe!
And chant no legendary tale for those we see no more,
All the knights encased in armor, proud in trappings, rich in show!

But here flew a spirit band, lest one brave flier land
Long before Ireland lay fair beneath his glance!
And sing no song of sixpence, of money, power, fame,
Of bankers in their marble vaults, of students by their fire,
Of dealers in the marketplace; but call once more the name
That stirred the mighty from their seats, and even could inspire
The weary souls of workmen, till they shouted "On to France!
"Fly on, Lindbergh! A nation waits below!"

Fly on, and falter never in your sterling young endeavor,
Fly on, calm youth, forever on your happy, fearless quest!
For Gabriel would wish you well,
And Joan who fought for France alone,
And every lad like Galahad who flaunts a noble crest!
And every saint who stoutly said: "Far better that a man be dead,

"Far better that his blood be shed, so flaming truth may glow";
And we who never hope to view the things we always longed to do,
Will raise the roundelay for you in rousing chorus: "Go,
"Fly on, Lindbergh, we're watching here below!"

WE

ART PEIRCE

A SHIP awash with romance,
The spindrift of the sky,
Bearing a dauntless envoy
No hazard may deny,
A caravel of phantom trails
To repeat the challenge hurled,
When Yankee clippers raced
The ships of all the world.

The Start

Now at last we've cast the anchor and we're roaring out to sea,
Droning down to Mother Carey, propeller racing free,
Out beyond the rocky headland as the gulls come out to play,
Three thousand miles of sky ahead ere we land at Le Bourget.

On fifty feet of varnished wing the motor drones along,
Down uncharted lanes to prove a million men are wrong,
Steel and fabric, dope and wire, speeding along the way,
To lead the Argosies of trade, on the road to Le Bourget.

Behind the flickering coastlights die, the shades of darkness fall,
And we feel the faith of Wilbur Wright, the vision of Lilienthal,
And Hubert Latham and Jules Védrinnes we feel are riding near,
Leading the way on wings of faith, beyond the Great Frontier.

Cruising down a sea of black, a friendly wind behind,
We two go down to keep the faith with those who led us blind,
A craft of metal, born of science—what right have we to pray?
Yet, Lord God! they will not follow lest we land at Le Bourget.

The Dawn

As the night wind dies we find a friend, the wind before the dawn,
And we thank the winds who hold our fate, our fondest hope in pawn,
And the sun who rises warm and clear on the vast blue saucer's brim,
On the sweetest dawn of all our dawns, we render thanks to him.

Amid the gold the silver gleams where the windtossed cloudlets go,
And the ridges of blue, deepwater blue, ruffle and roll below,
And wind and sun and azure blue and gleam of silver spray,
Will line the road when a thousand ships go down to Le Bourget.

The Finish

We roar along to meet the dark, mystic curtains of the night,
And solid ground we find below, in the last dim rays of light,
The lights of Paris gleam and shine, the beacons flare and die,
While American gas and oil are burnt, on a European sky.

The skies of Europe feel the weight and heed
the echoing cry
Of a ship that blazed a virgin trail on the
North Atlantic sky;
From West to East three thousand miles, we
come to speed the day
When American ships will land their freight on
the field at Le Bourget.

KINSMEN ALL

ROSE MILLS POWERS

YOUNG discoverer, eastward facing,
What do you vision, climbing steep?
Phantoms flitting across the skies,
Viking Lief to the sunrise racing;
Dragon boats that plunge and leap,
Bright haired men with ice-blue eyes,
And over the perilous haunted deep,
Cries.

Young discoverer, what are they crying,
Bending unto the galley oar
Down where the leaping billows roll,
The salt sea-spray in their faces flying?
It is a word I have heard before
But when and where eludes my soul,
"Skoal", and again with a mighty roar,
"Skoal".

Young discoverer, what are they showing,
The rocks of Ireland, dashed with foam?
Scenes of beauty that strangely are
Memories out of a deep past glowing;

It was a Saint who steered us home,
Coracle voyaging, by a star,
Brendan with whom I used to roam,
Afar.

Young discoverer, here is the water
Where Devon looks to the straits of Dover!
Galleons launched for a kingly stake
Sweeping out to crimson slaughter!
Kinsmen greeting me flying over,
A roll of drums for old sake's sake!
Raleigh's shade, and the wild sea rover,
Drake.

GUARD

CATHERINE READY

THERE stood at the gate of heaven
Peter and Michael and John
And the Father and Son and the Spirit,
And Mary stood by the Son.

Nungesser and Coli were flying;
Queen Mary held her breath.
"The greatest award," said the Father,
"I can give is a noble death."

Nungesser and Coli and Mary,
Peter and Michael and John
Watched from the gateway of heaven . . .
Saw Lindbergh's plane flash on.

"And shall I bring him to Us,"
Asked the Father, "or wait awhile?"
And Jesus loved Mary's protest,
"He has such a boyish smile."

The angels laughed in heaven
As Mary free from guile
Guided safe to victory
The boy with the boyish smile.

THE WARNING

DOROTHY E. REID

OUR mind, grown weary of the flight
In atmosphere too thin for it,
Strained with its little wings of wit
And beat the unaccustomed light,
But found no safety from the night
Blown like a wreath around the earth;
Night was the fairy at its birth
The gods neglected to invite.
We were most cynical and old—
Philosophers who could not fly—
When lo! the sky was live with gold
Scrawled in the twinkling of an eye.
"Let mind but dare the thing I dare!"
This was the writing on the air.

II

"I am the body, on whose back
"You may, if you are wise enough,
"Fasten your pinions of the stuff
"That fancy gathers in her track;
"What are your feathers, if you lack

"The shoulders that will brave the sky;
"Seek first the daring hand and eye,
"The sinew that is never slack.
"Your curious instruments, the blue
"Of tempered steel, the shining span
"Of wires—shall they profit you
"Without the muscles of a man?
"I am the body." We were wise
To read this writing on the skies.

III

Was it a boy from all that throng,
Immortal in a frieze of stone,
Who spurned the Parthenon, and lone
As larks or emperors or song
Leaned from antiquity on strong
Deliberate pinions, till we saw
The living letters of the law
To which philosophers belong?
Our stuffy atmosphere was torn
By something clean and white and Greek;
The mental giants we had borne
Waxed pitifully young and weak.
"Seek first the daring hand and eye."
This was the writing on the sky.

THE WORLD GREETS HIM

SOPHIA ROGERS

A CHILD'S song will find him on the hills
of morning,
A child's song will thank him with its innocent
gold,
For he wrote love in the sky's blue splendor,
Love that will gleam there when youth is old.

Love with its flower soul, love with its win-
someness,
Love like a mountain to a little town,
Love like falls of dear, white, water
To men grown weary of looking down.

He has given fear to a white, white, tiger.
He is like a god from a golden isle.
He has heaped stars in tired white fingers
Of men grown weary of their own awhile.

The world will bring roses, golden, rich, and
glowing.
Children will greet him on their white winged
way;
But he will see only cloud heights piling,
And he will hear only the ocean spray.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LINDBERGH

ROBERT NORMILE ROSE

YOU are the heartaches, the hopes, the illusions,
You are the bone and the blood of the years;
You are a dream that other men moulded,
Forged in the heart-glow, tempered in tears.
You are the answer . . . the riddle has ended,
The leader has come to his glorified clan.
You are the one that the ages have beckoned—
Once more the West has furnished a man!

Years clocked in millions the thought became pregnant,
A dream in the days when Eden was new,
Yet the failure who reached for a road to the starlight
Was giving his lifeblood and waiting for you.
Unknown and unknowing eyes roved through the heavens
Weary of marching the world's dusty plain,
Dreaming the dreams that they thought would be never;
Breaking the heart for the whims of the brain.

Gray dawn endeavors that died in the sunlight,
Scorned by their brothers but true to the quest,
Sensing the surf of a newer world booming,
Hearing the gull's cry and knowing no rest.
Columbus and Drake, Marquette and Magellan
Were you long ago with a yesterday's name:
Curtiss, Wright, Langley and Moissant—all parts of
The pioneer fodder that nourished the flame.

Not for them but for you was God's hesitation,
Biding his time for the one who could view
The things that the others had missed in the planning—
His patience was wisdom, his wisdom was you.
Somewhere in lush fields in the shadows of Argonne
Corruption broods over a battle-torn Spad,
Just part of the price that went into the venture,
A bonework of wreckage that gave all it had.

Sea miles that were measured in blood-calloused fingers
Where galleys were clumsily learning to go,

Blazing a trail by the strength of the forearm
And earning the misery pioneers know.
Then sail and its triumph of slow evolution,
Mastering mileage and crying for speed—
Each man and each era was writing the story,
You with a gesture have written the creed.

Not alone the machine, the gear or the gadget,
Not alone knowledge, though each has its part;
You came well prepared, but you brought, unassuming,
The asset of triumph: the man with the heart.
Youth irresistible, Death was a fable;
You knew no To-morrow—you asked for To-day;
God true to His Trust had answered our doubting,
The child He had promised had shown us thē way.

You are the heartaches, the hopes, the illusions,
You are the bone and the blood of the years;
You are a dream that other men moulded,
Forged in the heart-glow, tempered in tears.
You are the answer . . . the riddle has ended,
The leader has come to his glorified clan.
You are the one that the ages have beckoned—
Once more the West has furnished a man!

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

ELIZABETH SAMPSON

SON of the sky, whose deed has thrilled the world,
Whose epic flight across the seas alone
Uplifts the heart like wind-tossed flags unfurled
Or the clear call of distant trumpets blown;
Young Eagle, whose strong wings defied the sea,
Gleamed in the sun and faltered not for night,
But bore you ever on, untrammelled, free,
To Paris in one swift, heroic flight;
You are a member of that mighty band
Whose deathless names down all the ages ring,
Higher than hero ever stood, you stand,
Higher than blood-stained warrior or king—
Your triumph brings no sorrow to the land,
No mourning mocks the hymns of praise we sing.

II

You symbolize our splendid, secret dreams;
Ideals of manhood, virtues we hold dear,
You have personified; the light that streams
Upon you, shows you flawless and most clear.
Flier with fearless and far-seeing eyes
You are what youth has ever longed to be;
You prove to age that youth may yet be wise
As well as daring, fine as well as free!
What wonder that we cheer you? We had thought
That Modesty and Valor were no more,
That we were little more than brutes, and fought
Like brutes for mere subsistence; your plane's roar
Our gaze drew upward—from the skies you taught,
"Man is divine, and meant by God to soar!"

WINGS

BLANCHE W. SCHOONMAKER

HOW did he know, the young sky-rover,
The windy way it was safe to go?
Beating a path through sun and darkness,
How does the golden plover know?

Skill and science were riding with him,
Knowledge and poise at his shoulder stayed,
Yet in that whirl of straining hours,
How was he sure and unafraid?

Soul attuned to a magic summons,
Pulse attuned to the motor's song,
Cutting a path through sun and darkness,
Mile after conquering mile along—

So he followed a luring splendor,
Fanned to flame by Disaster's breath,
Face to face with eternal secrets,
Gallantly holding the hand of Death!

Flight like the flight of the golden plover,
Fast and far with the storm-clouds blown:
How was it done, O wings of daring?
Even the birds fly not alone!

HYMN TO MAN

ROYALL SNOW

BLACK Time, soulless and hungered, like a darkness lies
Menacing behind the hills, and makes prize
Of all Man's work. Cities sleep in sand
Where now a silence swoons upon the land,
And the fecundating sun breeds death alone
Intense upon the desert. Time makes his own
The unconquerable walls, and Helen's sweet red mouth
For which the walls were conquered; and from the south
Ironic winds come softly to efface
The skeletal and gutted homes that battle left about the place;
After much nobility of bloodshed in a deep-caused war
A little time—and the shop-keeping world attends its business as before.
Darkness, stealthy as fog, creeps endless in

Crammed with the wrack of empires, tumbled
as forgotten storage in a bin
And silent, silent as a gray dust powdering
down
Through windless air. Here is the end of all
renown:
Silence and a creeping darkness. Yet Man
remains.
This sand-castle world dissolving in the rains,
A ruined toy, may slump to nothing. And yet
Man
Lives and rebuilds upon a larger plan.
And—too much alive to let decrepit death
Frost life's polish with an aged breath—
Youth remains!—youth forever blest
With hearts responsive to that deep Pro-
methean unrest
Which built the cities or kissed to ecstasy the
mortal lips
Time's futile dark has power only to eclipse.
Youth remains and Youth takes wing
Splendidly out to adventuring.
And the baffled dark comes creeping slow,
Slow on the path where the eagles go
With swift undazzled eyes
Straight to meet sunrise.

Out of the depth and shadow by routes uncharted,
Routes of the soul, Man forever advances, curious-hearted
And pilgrim to the future. Out of Asia empty of hand,
He comes, his warriors harrying the land,
His women striding muscular in scorn of ease—
Out of Asia, naked, and onward to build Greece,
Learning the beauty of generous death at Thermopylæ,
Learning in Athens the graciousness that life might be. . . .
Driven forever by a dream and unsatisfied
By mere conquest of continents magnificently wide,
Of rivers like the sea, mountains to the sky
And plains as endless as the wild winds washing by,
Out of the depth and shadow, by routes uncharted,
Routes of the soul, Man forever advances, curious-hearted
And pilgrim to the future. . . .

Ruined the past and substanceless as air.
The Parthenon hears no more prayer

While Zeus, or his proud Hera, lives but as a name
Some man-cut marble saves for fame,
Smokeless being the altars that were theirs
And dead their priests these thousand years.
Only that frail persistent thing called man is left,
While in the waste of all-pursuing Time the dead gods drift
A broken pageantry, wavering forlorn
And meaningless as old letters torn
And cast upon the wind never to be read again.
Solid from the mist of gods steps out the race of men:
The one thing living—Man, boldly flinging out his sail
To test yet one more dream and die if it should fail.

Finishing a world but fumblingly begun
Man has completed what the gods had left undone,
And wrought black splendor out of evil and of good
Curiously twined to match the pattern of our mood;
And, save that God the last great Manichee

Has looked upon our work and let it be,
This world is ours, ours the praise for it or blame.
But it has been long work and stubborn, thus to tame
The rock-based earth and shifting sea
To service of our needs' variety.
We are weary from it, weary, and we seem
To sleep at times exhausted beyond further dream.
The petty business of stale days hems us in
Until we sin the eleventh and the greatest sin:—
The forswearing of our as yet uncomprehended star
And restless heart which brought us where we are.
Our dreams contract, our blood turns advertising ink,
And the sad world shrivels with us as we shrink;
It shreds and muddies like stale ice in thaw
And we, meat-feeders, learn to fatten upon straw.
We chain ourselves with cobwebs and, too weak to rise,
Endure the bondage of these unessential ties

Which clamor for our time and strength, and wind
Insistent subtle nets about the mind
To check its windy spirit, keep it tame—
Content with paddock exercise and stable boys' acclaim.
We are devoured by petty things and trivial ways
That feed in hurried hunger, ant-like, on our days,
Gnaw down the years, and leave no trace
Save feathery dust-heaps which the winds efface.
And Man has come to this at last, a routine pace
Of profitable hack within the treadmill with no trace
Of the old stallion valor! Then Youth takes wing!
Man in his winter yet can breed the spring!
Sea and soil are ours, the air is free.
And then the shadow of great wings passes on the sea;
Youth crosses darkness seeking out the day
In Man's old, old and eternal way.
Out of the depth and shadow by routes uncharted,

Routes of the soul, Man forever advances,
curious-hearted. . . .
Through this pantomimic life, this speeded
goose-step drill
The diamond spirit holds a flashing still;
Slow comes the creeping shadow of Time and
slow
But boldly still the eagles go
Straight toward the sun as a place they know;
Through this sluggish paltering sleeps yet a
fiery seed
Great winds may beat to flame at need;
Youth forever blest
With the divine Promethean unrest.

The petty things absorb us and the great de-
stroy
What lingers of our ancient forthright joy
In this shaggy world. There is confusion in
the land,
A pitiful furore of hope and cross-command
Where, in a world disjointed and ajar,
Men clamber through the wreckage of a war.
We walk with dissolution and in doubt,
Illusions shattered and our gods found out,
And nothing left save that wild guide
Our compass-soul a dozen magnets pull aside.

In the forest of our follies we are lost,
Stretching blind hands. We are chips sea-tossed,
And, while waves crash upon the sandy beaches of our will,
We vow great plans we never shall fulfill. . . .
Yet this is nothing, nothing while the earth
Works the spring miracle of love that Man may find rebirth
In the high heart of Youth; and we have seen Youth splendidly
Shadow with its wings the stubborn sea.
Doubt lies about us, ruin is too near,
Old men the past has stunned may hesitate in fear:
Youth, like a diver rising, shakes the foam
Of ruin from his hair and strikes out stoutly for the solid rock his home.

Behind the hills Time lies, a darkness devouring
The world's pitiable sweet flowering
And much is gone. The price of beauty is but tears
And grief a ransom paid the ceaseless years;
Many have had an eye as clear, a brow as wide:
Helen is ours because a Hector died,

And Lancelot because a queen whom love pressed hard
Rode desolately happy to that mocking "Joyous Garde".
And yet, and yet . . . Pain and Love, these two mated,
The salt and savor of the world, like two sexes have created
Soul their child. And this grief
For sweet dead things, so poignant and in flowering so brief
Is but regret for current coin withdrawn to make a richer hoard.
For all things gone are but as temper to the sword,
Invisible to mortal sense and yet the spirit of the blade;
Through such tempering our souls were made.
And this, against all ravin which may be
Wombed in the future, is ours immutably—
Soul which lives on to be a light in noble eyes,
A courage death can but immortalize.
Out of the depth and shadow, by routes uncharted,
Routes of the soul, man forever advances, curious-hearted,

Guided by a guesswork something too precious
for surrender
Which halos him within a groping sort of
splendor;
And Youth, the eagle-winged, from age to age
Assumes the peril and the glory of its heritage
Most proud and worthily. This sand-castle
world may fall
Dissolved in rain, but Youth, prophetical,
Remains with triumphant and far-seeing eyes
Looking out across the sandy world to spacious
skies.

WE WILL REMEMBER

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

WE will remember, as the years swing by—
Feel then, as now, the ardor of your way,
The fine, white courage burning clear and high
That carried you through darkness to new day;
The singing beauty of achievement won,
Of white winged destiny's far eyrie scaled.
An epoch-making deed so simply done:
Your daring, lonely flight where others failed.

We honor Pilgrim courage, and the line
Of those brave pioneers from whom we spring;
Surpassing their high courage is the fine,
Enduring valor of your mighty wing.
We will remember through the future's night;
We who have known the wonder of your flight!

SAGA-MEN

VIRGINIA STACEY

GRAY days, you knew, and beat of rain, and snow;
Unpitying sleet, and wind where shrilly rode
The glinting Maids of Death. The pale abode
Of Hell, you knew, remorseless weird, and woe
Of warriors' jests at limb lopped off by foe
Or friend turned foe. The printless waves your road,
That valor gives life value, that your goad,
You sailed where only wings of gods swept low.

Volsung is slain, Njal, and Rolf the brave;
No more will Grettir lash the coiled sea's rim;
And years of sand have sunk red Grendel's den.
A deathless smile and blood salt-sharp you gave
To Lindbergh scorning dirge of wind. In him
You live, O Saga-men, dead Saga-men.

LINDBERGH

May 1927

EDNA STIMSON

TO you, embodiment of all
We've prayed America might be,
Clean, courage-bred, sincere,
Possessed of praise-proof modesty;

To you who took to France good will,
Who in her noble joy in you
Has proved again her gloriousness
Of spirit—selfless, true.

We share you who belong to all,
For barriers of race go down
When courage makes the world akin—
Democracy and crown.

And that your source of courage lies
Beyond the skies you pilot through,
That modesty is humbleness
We know—and honor you.

Gift to the future you have made
Your wingèd path o'er land and sea;
Your deed is like an eagle's quill
With which you write a prophecy.

EVOLUTION

FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

OUT of the dark a voice, and the voice speaking,
Golden, over Creation's purple thunder,
"Lonely go the gods on the hills eternal."

. . . .

How slowly moves the Finger as it writes!
Morning! and the young universe is stirred
From the dim void of unrecorded nights
To read the master-word.

Gray blow the winds of dawn along the steep:
Beyond the planets' circle of old fire,
Somewhere is breaking from abysmal sleep
New questing, new desire.

Out of the smitten rock, a sudden spark,
Pale brothers of the mire and of the clod,
Lifting faint tapers in the infinite dark
To the far torch of God.

How slowly climb the footprints of the years!
Life builds her houses, death his sepulchres,

And sometimes in their building and their tears,
A sorrowful wonder stirs.

What little lands are gathered out of space
Long centuries, to make an heritage
That, tilled and broken, counts so small a place
On the unwritten page.

Called from wild pasture on a thousand plains
In sobered droves the primal creatures come;
Between the former and the latter rains,
An acre—and a home!

Pitiful flowers, borne in pitiful dust;
And futile seas that break in futile waves,
And little temples from the ground upthrust,
And newly-furrowed graves.

O coward feet that keep a level way,
How slowly the uncharted æons pass,
From that old time where was no yesterday,
And no to-morrow was.

Lucifer, fallen like a falling star,
Spilled a last splendor from his broken wings,—
In the dark winepress where the laborers are,
Lo, prescient whisperings!

O laggard feet with clay-forged fetters spent,
That dare not climb above the crumbling earth,—
The bitter death-pangs of a fool's content
Shall bring a dream to birth.

Faint are the sighings of dead memories,
Close folds the narrow prison-house of love;
What profit such adventurers as these?
How slow the cycles move!

From hill to hill the stricken Godhead calls,
(Earth, is there any sorrow like to His,
To fling new worlds in golden coronals
For such reward as this?)

"Dawns flaming red across the aureoled East,
"Meteors fallen in a sapphire sea,
"And these, inheritors of the royal feast,
"Espousing poverty."

Yet, breaks a morning, still unheralded,
Turns the slow dial to the appointed way,
For signal, a forgotten word is said,
Hailing the ultimate day.

Out of the hush of Earth's slow-pulsing heart,
Daring far places, kingly solitude,

Youth, blind and valorous, is bidden apart,
To claim old brotherhood.

Now the dust falls from eager, dauntless feet,
Now the dawn glory beats on wakened eyes,
Now, one that trod with us the sober street
Is Fellow of the skies.

Dips the French lily on a stranger coast,
Young starry banners youth's lone triumph tell
Who hath for convoy a majestic host
Of wings invisible.

White blow the winds along the heavenly road;
Blown, the stars' dust before his journeyings;
For chart, the upward pointing hand of God,
For passport, lifted wings.

. . . .

Out of the light a voice, and the voice crying
"He shall be our peer and liege and brother,
"He shall go with the gods on the hills eternal."

THE FORERUNNER

MARION THORNTON

THE wine-red seas Prometheus' rock upbore,
The eagle strutted on its curving shore;
The gods had lessened their despite
Before the light of day sank into night:—
Prometheus drew his hand across his brow,
That hand which once had carried fire enow,
And like a dream of days to be
He smelled blue wood smoke on a summer lea.
He saw the lighted hearths, the outdoor camps,
The hanging kettles and the shining lamps;
He saw the Pharos with its pitch and pine
Guiding the young Phœnicians o'er the brine;
He saw man's flying ship among the stars;
He saw the motor cars; he saw the wars:—
The argosies of man's emprise
Were hidden in Prometheus' eyes
And simple meals and quiet fireside days
Bloomed in divinity before his gaze.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY

R. L. TOWNSEND

YOU say, Rostand, "It was his countrymen
"Who urged him on through darkness and the storm
"Across the awful silence of the sea;
"Through the black depths of space where, lost to all
"But God and the fierce whistling of the winds,
"His heart and motor throbbed in harmony.

"The spirits of his brothers," thus you say,
"Rose up from that brave soil where they have slept
"Through all these troubled years in honored rest
"To meet his Spirit winging through the night."

'Tis true, indeed, but also yours were there!
Your mighty fallen surely showed the way
While ours but held the wings and joystick firm.

But why? Why did the peaceful, glorious dead
Of two great nations break their bonds and rise
From mouldering graves to lead one venturous youth?
Was his deed something more than just romance?
Was it a sign and portent of the times
To bring us back to reason and the thought
That humankind at last is always one
In heart and soul, that mighty nations are
But separations drawn upon a map?

This youth has now no country, for the world
Has claimed him as its own, but then, he was
The spirit of one people flying forth
To greet another far across the earth,
To say, "Let us forget our petty thoughts,
"Bred in these times of peace, and now recall
"Heroic days of not too far a past.

"Let us remember brave men still are bred
"On each side of the ocean and rejoice
"That we have once again a common thought;
"A common hope for two great heroes lost,
"A common joy in one great victory."

THE HOUR

NANCY BYRD TURNER

SO a man's moment falls.
Across his long-kept vigil suddenly,
At edge of some chill midnight, like a cry
The lifting bugle calls.

Into the gloom he came,
Mist on his forehead, eyes alert, aware,
His life's old resolution burning bare,
Tapered to torch-like flame.

Off—he is off and gone!
Out where a wrath of storm and cloud is weaving,
Climbing the stairway of the night, and cleaving
The stark, astounded dawn.

Against his going hurled
The winds of all the everlasting years,
And dark and death upon his trail, he clears
The chasm of the world.

So, of its own strange power,
A spirit's dream draws true. Heart-shaken, we mark
Across an old earth, sounding in the dark,
The strokes of a new hour.

LINDBERGH

ARTHUR VAN METER

WHEN, in the chronicle of man's slow rise
From cosmic dust to realms of light and pow'r,
Man reads the record of what man has done
And notes achievement, painfully begot,
One name will shine forth from the hoary page
With undimmed lustre, though the pomp of kings
And pageantry of wars have ceased to thrill.
That name is Lindbergh. Who and what was he?
A lightning flash across the dark'ning sky;
An eagle, swooping from the unplumbed blue;
A daring boy, with will and nerves of steel,
Unknown, unhonored, yet the first to span
The mighty deep alone and win the shore.
'Twas like a play, or vaudeville, belike,
Wherein the players vie to gain a prize—
Enduring fame—with death for those who lose,
The hungry ocean for their lonely stage,
And the whole world to hiss or cheer them on.
Thus, there assembled in the spacious wings

Airmen of note, with planes of speed and pow'r,
Each scanning other with a jealous eye,
Impatient first to launch out o'er the sea.
But Lindbergh had not come and fate was kind
To him. Commander Byrd, of North Pole fame,
Took off and crashed, his plane a twisted wreck,
And of his crew, scarce one escaped unhurt.
Then Nungesser and Coli from the soil
Of France essayed the flight, and all at first
Went well, as hour by hour they held the course;
Night came, and with it, fog, and in the fog
Their plane was swallowed up. Rumors there were
Of humming motors over Labrador,
Of gleaming wings along the coast of Maine.
The rumors stilled; eyes sought in vain the skies
And, lost in silence, none might know their fate.
Meantime, a third plane poised to take the air,
Its pilot undeterred by threat of death;
But ere it rose, black clouds obscured the sun,
Storm followed storm and adverse winds held sway;
Days passed, and while the frail ship clung to earth
The stage stood empty and the fickle crowd

Began to jeer and catcall. Then it was
That Lindbergh, all unheralded, appeared.
In two long hops he crossed the continent
From west to east and settled in the wings
Unnoted by his rivals there.
Thus far
The action's slight, and save the moment when
The Frenchmen seemed about to reach the goal
It lacks a thrill. Now comes a subtle change.
At early morn, with scarce two hours good sleep,
The blonde young viking, silent and alone,
Takes off. E'en now fate almost intervenes.
Disaster threatens, reaches out to clutch
The frail wings of the hesitating plane.
But Lindbergh cannot fail. With skilful hands
He straightens out, and now at last begins
That breathless voyage, watched by countless hosts.
And yet, with all its boldness and its stark
Magnificence, there is not much to tell.
The lookouts stationed all along the coast
Report his progress and the ships at sea
Flash back the word, "His monoplane has passed."
A day, a night, and yet another day
He holds the course, with purpose masterful,

As though a loadstone drew him to the goal.
Through chilling rain, through rifts of warm sunshine,
He cleaves the air—a very meteor.
Hours pass, the first day ends, and as the mists
Of night close round, and lonely darkness hides
The friendly stars, his buoyant spirits flag.
His plane droops lower and he hears the surge
Of cruel waters calling, calling him,
The while his droning engine dulls his brain.
Will he, too, fail? Will wearied body yield
To fatal lullaby of wind and sea?
Ah, no! He rouses him and mounts again
To heights from whence the mocking waves are still.
Thus passed the crisis, and when morning touched
The tiny speck that was his plane, land lay
Beneath his eyes—the land of Erin, green
And beautiful. The drama's nearly done.
For now, with France almost in sight, and storms
Left far behind, his plane speeds on anew.
The straits are crossed, and as once more the sun
Fades in the west, the waiting multitude
Behold him dropping like a messenger

From Heav'n. He lands. His plane glides to a stop
And he steps forth, a stripling. "Here we are,"
He says. "I'm Lindbergh," adds, and stands perplexed
At sight of the great crowd that seems gone mad.
This wild acclaim, was it indeed for him?
And if so, was there aught so marvellous
In his bold deed to merit such applause?
" 'Twas all plain sailing if one stayed awake
"And no misfortune struck the hard-pressed plane;
"Real heroes were the men who manned the craft
"Above the battle lines in time of war.
"But this? Why, anyone could do the like."
Thus argued he, the while the fervor spread
From France to England, and from thence around
The spinning globe. What need to tell the tale
Of triumphs greater than the greatest king
Has ever known? Of laurels worn with grace
And modesty? The play is o'er. Now ring
The curtain down. Write bold the record here—
He dared to do what man had never done,
And winning, won alike the hearts of men.

KINDRED SOULS

EDWARD S. VANZILE

THERE'S a world where the spirits of valiant men remember the times gone by,
When they gave themselves to a far-flung quest where unknown perils lie;
But they're telling to-day a tale that's new, these shades of the daring dead,
Who were not content, as were lesser men, but chose to be mad instead.

II

And the Cabots chum with Columbus there, with Kane and with Livingstone,
Pizarro is buddy to Balboa who steered for the setting sun;
And souls that were tried upon lonely seas, or passed as they sought the pole,
Proclaim the glory of him who's gained his guerdon and his goal.

III

They have learned the truth, as the ages pass,
that still on the earth they trod
'Tis the dreamer making his dream come true
who winneth his way to God;
And the lips of them who were pioneers on
wild, untrodden ways
Applaud the valor of him we crown in our own
epic days.

TO CHARLES LINDBERGH

W. L. WERNER

BOOM and crash of the breech-block guns
And pattering rattle of the chaut-chaut rifle
Make even brave lads pause a trifle;
Even the boldest soldier shuns
Death. . . . And all men, short or tall,
Learn on the ground, like a worm, to crawl.

II

All through the day, through all the night,
They crawled in muck and loam;
They hugged the earth and dug their holes
As deep as any gnome;
And when the dreadful war was o'er,
Crawling, they came back home.

Past all the crowd they marched so proud
In glittering parade;
But they told no stirring glorious tales
Of that noble blest Crusade;
Their terrible eyes could tell no lies
Of the horrors of the shade.

So back they marched (yet back they crawled)
To where they worked before;
Employers found them not by half
So noble as of yore.
"Oh, times are hard and work is slack!"
They showed them to the door.

They crawled—these heroes crawled along
From great streets to the little;
They learned to be right thankful for
Contemptuous-given victual;
They learned that Glory, Honor, Fame
Are all exceeding brittle.

But now they gaped in great amaze
A miracle to find:
For lo! men all, both great and small,
Were creeping, frightened, blind.
When Courage dies in soldiers' hearts,
It dies in all mankind.

When Spirit, Youth, and Love of Life
Are buried with the slain,
And those unlucky ones who live
Must face the world's disdain,
Then 'tis no miracle that none
But creeping things remain.

The crawling plague filled all the land
And blackened all the town;
It made of Love a slimy thing,
And splattered Beauty's gown;
It buried Honor 'neath a sneer
And Faith beneath a frown.

It crept in venerable tombs
And toppled ancient Pride;
It crawled into the public halls;
On humankind it spied
Until the air was poison-soaked,
And Truth was crucified.

It fashioned from a million motes
A god of Common Sense;
It dropped the magic golden fleece
To scramble after pence;
It buried Christ a second time
With indolent opulence. . . .

This creeping beast, this crawling thing
All vital spirit mars,
Over all soaring human souls
Erects its iron bars,
And keeps its blind eyes on the earth
Nor ever sees the stars.

Suddenly one youth stands erect—
(His father stood before;
His father bore contempt of men
That bellowed for the war.
His father's faith and fearlessness
Shines in the son once more.)

Suddenly one youth stands erect—
The great Worm shakes its head;
It knows that Prudence prophesies
For him a watery bed;
It knows that Common Sense will send
Him plunging seaward, dead.

Suddenly the youth is slipping away
Over the rolling sand.
He hops—he drops—swims into air,
Houses and woodland spanned,
He mounts—mounts—higher—soars—
He's free—free of the land!

Now the hills and the plain and the little towns
Are dwarfs beneath his stride;
Now forests and rivers and cities tall
To children's toys subside;
And the Worm blinks open its leaden lids
To see his dizzy ride.

Over the lilac-laden gardens,
  Over the rollicking rills,
Over the white roads, thread-like, binding
  Together the little hills,
Over the earth-bound rivers turning
  All New England's mills.

Out from the mainland, out from the headland,
  No more land-confined.
Racing now between sky and ocean,
  Ever the gale behind,
Steady the strong wind, laughing, roaring,
  Sweet the singing wind.

Down swings the storm, the clouds roll lower,
  High leap the eager waves below;
Swift through the tunnel of cloud and water
  Lone Youth and Spirit go;
Peering eagerly into the darkness,
  Bright the Worm's eyes glow.

Prudence is sure this wingèd man
  Can't cross the watery main;
And Common Sense knows he'll not see
  The Spring's green grass again. . . .
Two men in Ireland stare aloft
  And see his passing plane.

Economy rules no man spends life
For slender chance of pay;
Sound Reason says no man can aim
Three thousand miles away. . . .
A myriad flares are lifted high
To show him Le Bourget!

And all men know that creeping things
Can scarcely see the trees.
Men say no crawling things can pierce
The heavenly mysteries . . .
With eyes of Hope the earthly Worm
Three thousand miles now sees!

Now a hundred million creeping men
Are flooded with sudden light;
They open eyes; they stretch awake;
They strain and stand upright;
They run and leap with new-found strength,
And glory in their might!

Where one can go, now all can go;
The ways lie clear ahead.
Now mankind lives by other things
Than sweat and daily bread;
And creeping on the earth again
Is worse than being dead!

ROUNDABOUT

GLENN D. WHISLER

IN Mark Twain's birthplace there's a freckled boy
Who never saw St. Louis; twelve his age;
The things it meant on the recorded page
Had never touched him; now, upon a toy
His hammer rings, his eyes are shining joy;
A soap-box is an aviator's cage,
With stilt-made wings, tomato can for gauge:
The Spirit of St. Louis and of Troy!

Thus is the spirit greater than the deed
Of houses, shops, and trains, and bartered goods;
So plain a tad in Hannibal can read,
To catch the impulse of its soaring moods
That bore a Lindbergh over frolic foam
And, deeper, stirred a freckled lad near home!

LINDBERGH

ANNA E. WIMMER

'TIS not the valor of his deed alone
Wherein this hero's truest greatness lies
Although the matchless courage he has shown
Has won a whole world's tribute as its prize.
But that which drew us to him from the start
Was just his great humility of heart.

II

Young folks and those whose sight with age is dim
All join in singing praises to his name;
Yet though his daring feat has won for him
A place high on the pinnacle of fame,
He somehow seems our deepest depths to reach
By his sincere simplicity of speech.

III

Grimly, while all the world on tiptoe stands,
He makes a shining pathway through the sky;
Honors are his in this and other lands,
Yet modestly all glory he lays by;
And through it all, with *service* as its goal
Shines out the steadfast purpose of his soul.

THE GRAY BIRD

LORRAINE WING

GRAY bird . . . no gallant omens in the sky
Are lit for you, there are no seers to cry
You fortune. . . . Yet even the sea-gull veers before
Dark dawns, and curves its course along the shore.

Wise hearts have prouder signs to try
Than portents found in any sky.

Gray bird . . . have you forgotten those far wings
Broken and shattered where a lost tide swings,
Shattered and lost, forever rising and falling
On lonely seas beyond the heart's recalling?

Grieved for their sakes, each gold heart goes
Perhaps where that same ocean flows.

Bird of the storm. . . . Turn back, there is no way
For your light wings to pass where such winds play,

The darkling winds of chaos. . . . Flaw and sleet
Bring the most gallant wings to harsh defeat.

Whirled at the storm's heart, I can mark
Behind as before the driving dark.

Bird of the storm . . . in wary valiance,
Wild bird of wind, it is death's dance you dance.
Death's music moves in gusty measures till
The seas of dark and silence work their will.

Death is always a word to say
To the youngest breast, on the brightest day.

Gray bird . . . whose wings outsoar the winds that strove
From hidden deeps of storm. . . . What visions move
Down the dark hours . . . of harvests proud to reap . . .
Or gray wings folded in some city of sleep . . .?

I think of a thousand wings whose flight
Is safe across the sea of night.

Gray conquering bird . . . for you the shadows waken
To such high tumult that two worlds are shaken.
Down that spanned sea, where only harsh mists hung,
Bright viewless bridges of linked light are flung.

Yet the proudest spot where a bird alights
Is only a pause between two flights.

SALVE

[*To C. L. on his return*]

PATIENCE WORTH

BEHOLD the mystery!
Like to a meteor
Reeling sudden in the jaded sky,
Riding the morning through the day.
Companioning the vasty solitudes
Of night and chaos,
Swooping the sullen sea
Where none but the wild wings try . . .
Youth, 'pon a charger mystic named,
Scribes immortality upon the page of time.

Why speak his name?
Far nobler is the nameless thing
Which spells his victory.
That valor
Only youth may know,
No sage may ken its source
Nor utter it.

Yet all men sudden are elate . . .
The weary look them skyward

Straining that they see,
The faithful feel a newer surge
Of faith,
The doubting hesitate . . .
For lo, swooping he comes,
Fresh from the holy baptism of love
Back to the homing-spot,
His cheek be-crimsoned
Of the baffling storm of conquest . . .
Yet . . . a child!

Why speak his name?
Behold the mystery!

MIRACLE

MARY J. J. WRINN

THEY did not know, until he spread his wings
And soared, the godlike power that charged his soul.
They'd known a boy, intent on boyish things,—
And then they heard he'd made the sun his goal!
The gust of his approach put out the stars;
Outraced the wind, as from the dark, he ripped
A pathway for his faith and sleet-hung spars;
Avengèd Icarus with a kiss, steel-tipped.

A flaccid world had long forgot the trail
The "Spirit of St. Louis" blazed of old,
Forgot the daring of one Spanish sail,
(The White Bird's message only half was told). . . .
But hearts have caught fresh wonder from his eyes
Who pushed earth's last proud frontiers to the skies.

LINDBERGH

HILDA ZIEGLER

BROTHER, brother," call the gulls,
"Brother," cries the albatross.
The eagle cleaving the air—
With steel-strong wings,
With angry glare,
With talons that were made to tear—
Cries, "Brother, brother
"I fly alone.
"On the rock's ledge,
"On the rock's crest
"There is my nest;
"There do I nurture my own.
"Man, fish, bird, beast,
"I care for none.
"Thou art my brother
"Courageous one."

"Brother, brother," the porpoise laughs,
"Oh joyously to leap!"
The whale in the sea cries, "Brother!
"Mighty are waters
"But mightier I.

"With matchless swiftness I rive the deep.
"Cephalopoda, Lamnidæ—
"What are tentacle or jaw
"To me, disdaining every law.
"I dread no creature,
"I fear no wave.
"Thou art my brother
"Oh swift and brave."

"Brother, brother," sings the sea,
Nacreous in the early light,
"Those joyous ones who swim and fly
"Are as bubbles in my sight.
"The porpoises, the creamy gulls
"Skim my surface in their play,
"Mill my waters for a day.
"Brother, brother," cries the sea,
"The eagle is no more than they,
"Nor the thing of lashing tail,
"The swarthy, the macrobian whale—
"They vanish as the vanished hulls
"Of galleons that dared my lanes
"And found destruction for their pains.
"By years must all life measured be,
"But I am for eternity.
"Brother, brother," roars the sea,
"Courage alone shall conquer me."

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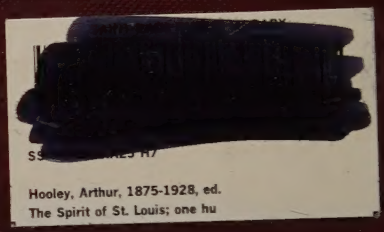
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